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LETTERS

FROM THE

NORTH HIGHLANDS,

DURING THE SUMMER

1816.

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BY

ELIZABETH ISABELLA SPENCE,

AUTHOR OF "A CALEDONIAN EXCURSION,"

&c. &c.

" ..... Led by smiling Hope, an inmate lov'd,
I strive wild nature's image to recall,
And all her glowing colours to portray."

CRIRIE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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F. Blackader, Typ. Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF GORDON,

THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF A SHORT EXCURSION,

THROUGH HIS NATIVE COUNTRY,

(WITH PERMISSION)

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S VERY RESPECTFUL,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

TO MISS PORTER.

SENSIBLE of the proud distinction the following Letters will acquire from being addressed to the Author of "*The Scottish Chiefs*," I shall be satisfied if I should have caught only one ray of that Genius which lives in every page of your admirable writings, for then I might hope to convey entertainment as well as information to the reader.

To *you*, who have so ably exhibited many of Scotland's noble heroes, such as they really were, and have painted their patriotism in colours at once glowing, faith-

ful, and indelible. I need not be afraid of describing the national traits of a people, whose talents, integrity, and persevering industry have raised them above the sphere of other nations. Nor is it merely in the field of battle in which they had to encounter difficulties, but in the most trying scenes of domestic life, the peasantry struggling by hard labour for a scanty subsistence, under the pressure of chilling indigence, had also to surmount the most inveterate prejudices. They were viewed as a barbarous people, rude as their wild and romantic scenery, and supposed to participate in its general character. The veil of prejudice has at length been raised; the country is now better known, and contemplated with more indulgence, even by the least informed.

What is faithfully and simply told, relating to scenes familiar to your imagina-

tion, and so happily interwoven with your enchanting History, must be interesting. Whatever was attraction for a mind like yours, must of itself excite attention, even though it partake in a lower degree of similar taste and feeling.

My wanderings through the northern parts of Scotland, famed for song, "and Beauty's charms," with the description which I have given of the region illustrated by your genius, as well as that of its ancient inhabitants, may afford amusement to those who possess a taste for the objects of grandeur and antiquity, which abound amidst the wild and extraordinary scenes that I have lately visited.

The pictures, equally brilliant and faithful, which have been exhibited in "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," and "Clan Albin," have not discouraged me from an attempt to delineate

some of the peculiar features of the land which have given birth to those fair creations of prolific fancy; or rather, to those correct transcripts of national manners. Such productions of powerful and original genius, have contributed much to the national celebrity, and give additional interest to the following slight sketches of a country, which presents such an endless variety in nature and art, for the study of the observing traveller.

Northumberland Street,
Nottingham Place, April 1817.

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LETTERS

FROM THE

NORTH HIGHLANDS.

LETTER I.

Trinity Lodge, near Edinburgh,
June.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING long felt an ardent desire to revisit my native country, I left London at a season when its gaieties present to multitudes the most powerful attraction; but, at a season, when, to the traveller, nature puts on a thousand charms; for all creation hails the new-born spring with songs of gladness, as it starts into life, drest in the softest verdure, blooming in flowers, and prodigal in beauty.

Though journeying along those parts of England with which you are probably acquainted, it is yet impossible to pass the boundaries of the two kingdoms without slightly touching on the border scenery, which no traveller, of any sentiment, can view without peculiar interest; for here commences not only the land of poetry and song, but a land, which, in the earlier ages of national prejudice and dissention, flowed with blood-shed; but it is now happily converted into the land of smiling peace; and those dire contentions which disturbed and rendered desolate its lovely plains, now exist only in tradition.

Flodden Field, a green elevation, not far distant from Coldstream, cannot be obliterated from any Scottish bosom, in the traces left of that national calamity, in which every distinguished family deeply shared. This dreary spot has been consecrated not merely by the blood of its warriors, but the tears of the Muses have been copiously poured forth, as a tribute to the unavailing valour of the slain; and the

unutterable sorrow of the survivors. Leyden, "too early lost, and still deplored," has lamented, with his peculiar pathos,

"That ever Scottish maid should sing,
The combat, where her hero fell;
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumphs of our foe to tell."

Little did that enthusiast for his country's fame then imagine, that his friend would pour out all the soul of song, and literally awake the string, "*The triumph of our foe to tell.*" That he would add to the faithful and simple drawing of history, such poetical colouring, as makes the victims of Flodden Field die anew to the imagination, and the gory laurels of the southern victors bloom afresh, to blast the sight of true and leal Scots.

Setting all nationality and enthusiasm aside, it is impossible to pass with indifference a spot marked with such indelible traces in History, and consecrated to fame by successive poets. One almost sees with Leyden, the shades of those

" Rude border chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
Its blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled all their tints with gore.

Lo! bursting from the coming tomb,
The spirit of the ancient dead,
Dimly streaks the parting gloom,
With awful faces, ghastly red.

At once around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring;
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield,
In sad procession round the pile,
Of heavy corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chaunts in solemn strains the dirge of Flodden Field."

Added to the sadness of which this fatal field, with all its attendant recollections inspire, the fate of the author of these lines, produces a deeper regret than arises at the destruction of valour, which we consider only as a tale of other times. The idea of the poet Leyden, snatched away in the prime of life, fulfilling his own mournful predictions, when doomed to follow fortune to an ungenial clime, individualizes our sympathy, and mingles with the recollections his own powerful mind had formed,

when we behold the local memorials to genius combined with virtues of the highest order, thus personally extinct in a coeval.

Soon after losing sight of this interesting place, I entered Caledonia, by a handsome stone bridge thrown over the silver Tweed. This beautiful flowing river is the subject of two admired songs, one, "*The Banks of the Tweed;*"—

"To the soft murm'ring Tweed I will sing;"

the other, "*Tweed Side;*" a beautiful effusion of real passion. It was written about the beginning of the last century, by Sir Ronald Crawford, addressed to his cousin. This is the same Miss Crawford to whom Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the late Lord Minto, addressed the pathetic strains, beginning

"My sheep I've forsaken,
And left my sheep hook;" &c.

on her marriage with his rival.

Mary Scott, the "*Flower of Yarrow,*" renowned in ancient and modern song, was the daughter of Scott of Dryhope,

a fragment now out of print, imputed to James the Third, who was said to be enamoured of this lady, has been kindly communicated to me by my friend, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, which, for its originality, is worth inserting:

"Mary's red, and Mary's white,
And Mary is a king's delight;
A king's delight, and a prince's marrow,
Wha loes her, on the braes of Yarrow.

Mary's eyes are violet blue;
O! were her heart but half as true,
I'd scorn a queen to be my marrow,
And live with her on the braes of Yarrow.

Mary's breast is lily-fair,
With it no breast can e'er compare;
She's tall and slender, like the arrow,
That wounds the deer on the braes of Yarrow."

Mary Scott was married to the famous marauding thief, Scott, of Harden, and was, by that marriage, mother of five sons, renowned in border history.

There is a tradition of the lover of her choice being killed in single combat, selected by her relations, which has been the

foundation of a lay of exquisitely simple pathos, written in the spirit of the ancient pastoral ballad, by the Scotch Tibullus, Hamilton Hamilton of Banagour. It begins to this purpose:

"Why does she weep, my bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep? my winsome marrow."

After a sad narrative of the tenderest plaints, breathed from a bleeding heart, it ends;

"Return, return, thou mournful bride;
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow,
And loe me, on the banks of Tweed,
And think no more of the braes of Yarrow."

After this long digression on Scottish song, I return to Coldstream, to notice a small house on the north side of the bridge, where it is said Hymen has fixed his court; and many an eager couple repair thither to tie the happy knot. They now however disdain so vulgar a priest as Vulcan, and the ceremony is performed by a regular clergyman.

Coldstream is a mean looking little town,

situated on the banks of the Tweed. It derives some importance in history, from having been General Monk's station, previous to his restoration of King Charles the Second. It was here he raised his men; and the Coldstream regiment have retained that name from the circumstance. The adjacent country is open, bare of trees, and by no means pretty; but the lands are fertile, and produce excellent crops. It must be confessed, in journeying northward, the eye in vain looks for the soft, yet bright verdure of English pastures, where every mead is now glowing with cowslips, and enamelled with daisies. The cold appearance of the Northumbrian hills, however, charmed me; having at their base, many sparkling and clear streams, with rude bridges thrown over them, which is very picturesque.

The ancient castle of the Earls of Lowtherdale, called Leader Fort, or Thirlstane Castle, built as far back as the reign of Edward the First, stands on the banks of the Leader, partially wooded,

on the verge of another sparkling river, thus celebrated in song, by the name of "*Leader Haughs.*"*

"The morn was fair, soft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew;
Ten thousand birds were singing."

You may have observed the superiority which the simple Scotch ballad possesses over the same kind of composition in English. A lake, a river, even a tree, becomes important in Scottish song, because there is always some old legend annexed to them, often of a pathetic nature. The cause is evident. Remote from commerce, the politics, and the frivolity of the day, they have leisure to cherish their native enthusiasm, which every object tends to excite.

Adieu.

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* *Leader Haughs* can scarcely be translated Leader meadows. This peculiar appellation is given to low grounds occasionally overflowed.

LETTER II.

Trinity Lodge, June.

It was the last evening of May when I entered Edinburgh. The setting sun, as I approached Dalkeith, illumined with his parting rays the dark hills of Fifeshire, and presented the peaceful waves of the Firth of Forth* rolling at their feet; a scene truly sublime and beautiful. The environs of Edinburgh are as rich in cultivation as the vicinity of London, and possess an air of grandeur, which mingles with every object, in a manner it is impossible to describe.

My present residence is in a very inviting situation; two miles distant from the great city; the pleasure-grounds of Trinity

* *Firth of Forth,* the mouth of a river flowing into the sea.

Lodge sloping to the borders of the sea, with an extensive view of the opposite coast, which is enlivened with numerous little fishing-towns and villages.

Childish recollections blend so imperfectly with departed time, that you will naturally expect a description of the Scotch metropolis. Like most other large cities, it possesses a mixture of grandeur and meanness, much to excite admiration, and much to fill the mind with a painful sense of contrast: yet, take this city as a whole, the combination is so happy, of magnificence and sublimity, of symmetry and irregularity, that no stranger can behold it without admiration. Such are the universal zeal and public spirit for improvement now diffused over every part of the world, that not a year passes without additional advantages being suggested in large cities, for comfort and utility.

The improvements that have taken place in the Scottish capital since my last visit, are indeed to the natives most gratifying, and to strangers astonishing.

The approach to Edinburgh from the south, was formerly very mean, and calculated to give a most unfavourable impression, at a first view of the city. There is a new one now opened, at a very considerable expense; the design of which could not be executed without conquering difficulties, apparently insurmountable. This fine road, which is thirty feet wide, passes over the Calton Hill, and joins the old one near a mile from the city. The design has been accomplished with incredible labour, at the expense of taking down a street of houses to make way for it. There has also been a bridge thrown over an intervening hollow, between the town and the hill. This makes the third of those singular erections, which distinguish this from every other town; adding to it another feature, not merely of singularity, but of magnificence These lofty bridges, connecting one eminence with another, unite convenience with grandeur.

On the eminence, over which this new road passes, are several buildings, which

adorn the prospect, and present a cluster of interesting objects to the traveller. These are—Nelson's monument—the New Bridewell—the Observatory—the monument erected by David Hume, for himself, and the New Prison, nearly finished; it stands in an airy, wholesome situation, and makes room for removing the greatest nuisance, which has so long disgraced one of the noblest streets in Europe; I mean the Tollbooths and Luckenbooths, now condemned to speedy destruction. A stranger coming in sight of the city by this new approach, will meet with an assemblage of objects scarcely to be paralleled in one comprehensive view. The New Town, in all its completeness and regularity; the Old, in all its antique majesty of building, and dignity of situation. The Castle, proud in stately magnificence, overlooking all below; and the towers of Holyrood House, at the other extremity, terminating the prospect, bearing a dignified memorial of departed royalty. From the same spot, when turning to the east or

north, appears the thriving sea-port of Leith, with its spires and grove of masts. The Firth of Forth, with its rocky isles, and gliding sails, and a wide panorama of the coast of Fife, sprinkled with fishing towns on its romantic shores, together with East Lothian, the granary of the neighbourhood, in the highest state of cultivation. The prospect to the east is terminated by the lofty insulated mountain of Berwick Law; while the Lomond, in Fife, seems to the eye, a barrier on that side; and the Pentland, on the opposite direction. On all sides the city appears to extend itself; St. Bernard's Well, which the liberality of the late Lord Gardenston enclosed, and adorned with a temple of Hygeia, after the model of that at Tivoli, stands on the borders of the waters of Leith, to the north-west of the New Town. This temple once stood in a seclusion so deep, sylvan, and romantic, that it was hardly possible, while surveying it, to believe it situated in the vicinity of a vast and busy city. The immediate spot is still sacred

from the intrusion of a spreading population; but in its neighbourhood a new town has sprung up, which possesses all the rural neatness and quiet comfort of an English village. It is inhabited chiefly by that respectable class of the community, whose minds and manners being rather beyond their fortunes, induce them to shun public resort, and live together in a quieter and less expensive society with each other.

The internal improvements of Edinburgh are fully commensurate with those new erections. The Court of Exchequer is an elegant new building, particularly adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The Writer's Library is a very large and truly magnificent room; finished with pillars, galleries, rich gilding, and all sorts of architectural ornaments, in a style that must astonish every stranger. At the same time, this astonishment is converted into admiration, on observing, that love of literature, which seems to be inherent in the Scotch character, displayed in such a splendid establishment; and that, erected

solely at the expense of a body of men, who might be supposed too busy for the cultivation either of scientific or polite literature; and scarcely rich enough to erect such a costly repository for the treasures of learning. Their collection is said to be worthy the receptacle in which it is deposited. Above this grand apartment, under the same roof, is the Advocate's Library, not entirely finished, but seemingly intended to preserve, if possible, the superiority which is claimed, by that higher class of the profession, from which the judges are chosen, and all other great officers of the law. Their library is pre-eminent not only in the number of the books which it contains, but in valuable manuscripts of great antiquity, and other literary curiosities. They are rich in all the wealth of learning; not in consequence of their acute and diligent search after every thing worth preserving, but by their possession of a privilege, like that of our universities, of having a copy of every work published, deposited in their library.

The Advocates in Edinburgh, are what the Templars were in the Spectator's time, the wits and critics of the town, from whose literary judgments there lies no appeal; as was the case in England, in Addison's day. The heirs of estates study law here, by way of usefully occupying their time, though not intending to follow it as a profession. Without being always very diligent in their studies in this profession, they acquire a taste for intelligent conversation, and a degree of acuteness in what relates to business, that proves very useful in life.

I refer you to my former "Sketches of Scotland," for a description of Holyrood House, together with my remarks on the pictures contained in that ancient pile of building.

LETTER III.

Trinity Lodge, June.

You, who possess such genuine piety, would be greatly struck and delighted with the sanctified appearance of Sunday in Scotland: it differs as widely from England, as I suppose England differs from France, where not even the outward semblance of the sabbath is preserved.

To the sound of the church bell, as if by universal consent, the streets instantaneously become crowded by one vast multitude, of every rank, all thronging for the same devout purpose, to public worship; so well, but modestly attired, that no stranger can behold this interesting and impressive scene, without a sentiment of surprise and veneration. There is no giddy levity in the demeanour, uncharacteristic of the

pious occasion which takes them abroad. The sabbath in Scotland is literally a day of rest, both for man and beast. Not an article is either vended in the streets, or the shutter of a shop unclosed. Except the mail-coach, no public vehicle is suffered to travel, but on what are denominated, "*lawful days.*"

Justly may one exclaim, in the words of the Scottish poet, Graham,

"For,
How still the morning of this hallowed day;
Mute is the voice of labour:"

And literally hail the sabbath, as

"————The poor man's friend:
The poor mechanic here has time to breathe."

When the Count d'Artois resided in Holyrood House, the severity of his English creditors confined him to the privileged limits of the palace. Sunday being the only day of entire freedom, he used to walk the streets, and was exceedingly struck with the decorous behaviour of the people, and their regular attendance at public

worship. He observed, that certainly the Divine blessing must protect, in a peculiar manner, a nation who honoured God in so holy a way. On his return to the palace, he forbid his own people to play at tennis, as was usual. Unwillingly relinquishing this amusement, they had recourse to back-gammon. This he also forbade. They were inconsolable under the heavy evil of spending a day without amusement, and warmly remonstrated, that their religion required no such austerity.

"True," said he, "this forbearance makes no part of my religion; but I think it is a respect which we owe to their hospitality, and the morally decent conduct of the nation under whose protection we live, to give up a trifling gratification that is incompatible with their ideas of sanctity and decorum."

Is not this, my dear friend, a powerful instance of the effect of good example, thus to check in an instant the idle sports of people habituated to pleasure, who were even awed, if not convinced, into compliance, by the genuine piety of an oppo-

site race, who consider no self-denial too austere to practice, when they wish to shew a proper reverence to their God:

When the family of this prince left Edinburgh, a few of his followers, either from infirmity or narrow circumstances, remained behind, receiving much kindness from the neighbouring gentry, who daily sent them presents of game, fruit, &c. On the restoration of the Bourbons, they prepared to rejoin them; but before their departure, a general illumination took place, after the battle of Leipsic, on which occasion they placed a transparency in their windows, bearing this inscription, not too familiar to Frenchmen, "*Eternal Gratitude for generous Hospitality.*"

The Rev. Mr. Alison (whose church I attended), so eminently gifted with all the grace of pulpit eloquence, fully realized the expectations formed by the perusal of his sermons. There is a dignified sanctity in his deportment and delivery, at once encouraging and persuasive, when listening to those scriptural doctrines, which he illustrates

with all the rich decoration of language, elegant, energetic and deeply affecting.

Edinburgh, every way distinguished, is more particularly so, as being the only great city which may be said to subsist by the talents of its inhabitants. Here is no court, no commerce, no manufactories, and scarce any resident nobility, who, by spending great incomes in the place, encourage artists and tradesmen. The principal difference to be observed in the modes of living, of the genteel class, from others of the same rank in England, is, that in proportion to their incomes they are better lodged, inhabit more substantial houses, and have larger apartments. This is partly owing to the ambition which the Scotch in general have, for what they call a *good exterior*, and partly to their practising more frugality. Servants neither ask such high wages, nor are so luxuriously fed; firing is comparatively cheaper, as also fish, vegetables, and every other article of food. A carriage does not, as in London, of necessity, make a part of the establishment

of those who move in the first society. Many here possess that accommodation, but, like Bath, a greater number, in other respects, on an equality, live without it. This is easily managed, where walking the streets is both safe and creditable. Chairs, which stand at every corner of them, are a cheap and easy conveyance. In Scotland no person thinks of a carriage, unless in affluent circumstances. They would not limit their friendly and hospitable style of living, for the sake of ostentation, and an indulgence incompatible with it. A lady's-maid is by no means indispensible, as in England; none but people of large fortune think of a personal attendant of this nature.

A degree of pedantry and self-opinion might be supposed to prevail, when ladies are so well informed; it is by no means the case; and indeed it is a fancied, not a real superiority of knowledge or of intellect which engenders conceit. Where women possess either, in any eminent degree, we have existing proofs of the modesty inse-

parable from excellence. There is in Scotland a sort of republican equality in this respect, which prevents an individual assumption that cannot be easily borne, as well as pretension, which cannot be easily detected. With less elegance of form, sweetness of voice, and persuasive grace of manner, there are more of nature and decided character in the Scotch than English females, in the same condition of life. This, I imagine, is owing to their being educated at home, except a year given to a boarding-school, where only accomplishments are taught. At home young ladies learn to think and feel, in a well-regulated and well-informed family, which alike cultivates the heart and understanding. Their living together from childhood, in the reciprocal exercise of the best affections, lays the foundation of that strong, yet tender family attachment during life, which forms so marked a feature in the Scotch character. Early associations, like early habits, make up a large portion of our enjoyments through life. A superficial

education generally forms a superficial character, wholly engrossed with self; but in a home education, I could instance an English family, who form a striking proof of the force of my observation, in the happy effects produced of parents rendering their daughters rational and useful members of society. That prudence and circumspection too, for which the Scotch are alternately, (and perhaps with equal justice) praised and blamed, may, in some degree, originate from this family union. A person in the habit of merely thinking of the fancy or convenience of the individual, can never form those habits of caution and reflection, which are the result of a constant fear to offend, or the wish to please many others, on whom their comfort much depends.

I have been led into the above remarks from the observations which I have made on the opposite character of the two nations.

LETTER IV.

Trinity Lodge, June.

YESTERDAY morning, accompanied by a party of my English friends, I visited the ruins of Craigmillar Castle, once the favourite residence of Mary Queen of Scots, during her short and perturbed reign. As a mere ruin, in my opinion, it possesses little to excite admiration. What remains, shews it to have been a place of considerable strength, with accommodation for a baronial, or even princely retinue; but in its present decayed state, it possesses nothing of the striking grandeur of many remnants of antiquity in Wales. Yet, when Craigmillar is viewed as the retreat of the beauteous Mary, imagination instantly peoples its now mouldering apartments, and anxious we look to the interest-

ing period, when she withdrew thither, on her return from France.

There is a tower almost entire, now a lodgment for pigeons, which, it is said, contained the apartment of the royal beauty; and in which she was accustomed to use a bath of white wines. This, it seems, was considered a preservative of the fairness and the smoothness of the skin. Some author, whom I have read, says, Diana of Poitiers used a bath of this sort for the same purpose. There is a very elegant poem on the subject of these ruins, published many years ago, containing some pathetic allusions to the fate of this accomplished and extraordinary personage, who was the possessor I only recollect one verse, relating to this said tower, its former use, and present inhabitants.

"The chamber, where the queen, whose charms divine,
Bade wandering nations own the power of love,
Once bathed her snowy limbs in sparkling wine,
Now proves a refuge for the lonely dove."

It is impossible to traverse this once gay

residence of the Graces, without the most painful retrospect. That a being, unrivalled in charms, naturally humane and gentle, with an affectionate heart, and a cultivated understanding, inheriting also, not only the long descended train, but the distinguished qualities of her immediate ancestors; uniting the spirit of the Stuarts, with the beauty, the address, the manners of the Guises.—That such a being, at whose birth, "*Nature* and *fortune strove to make her great, should fall,*" not faultless, into such a gulph of wretchedness and woe, is astonishing, as well as humiliating, to every reflecting mind.

It was to this castle, the scene of her short-lived happiness, that Mary retired, when overcame by sorrow, stung by pride, and wounded in affections. She kept her bed on the discovery of her husband's excessive folly and hopeless depravity; she said that life was odious to her; and, according to a cotemporary writer, "*sought ane knife, that she might end her days, being so sair grieved and af-*

fronted by king Henry's doings." She was surrounded by her oldest and most faithful counsellors, who were so much moved by her distress, that they strongly advised her to divorce him. She had at that period such a high sense of honour, that she positively refused, least she should thus dishonour her son, and be exposed, by his father wandering a spectacle of vice and wretchedness in foreign courts.

How the queen so soon changed her mind, and at last connived at the fatal expedient which covered her remaining days with shame and sorrow, it is difficult to conjecture.

This castle* was the residence of James

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* Craigmillar anciently belonged to a family of that name. In 1574, it was purchased by Sir Simon de Preston, which family was sometimes styled Prestons of Craigmillar, Prestons of Gerton, as well as Prestons of Preston.

There is no evidence for ascertaining when this castle was built; but the rampart wall, as appears from the inscription on the gate, was built in 1427. FORSYTH'S SCOTLAND.

the Fifth, during his minority, when the plague raged in Edinburgh.

There is a small village near Craigmillar, called *Petty France*. The name is now changed, but originally was the abode of such of the queen's menials, as had followed her from France. Their descendants still remain, and are distinguished by very odd names, the Gallic origin of which, is almost lost in the Scottish pronunciation. The dark eyes, thin visages, and foreign features of the inhabitants, still attest their descent.

A morning we devoted to examine Pennycuick, one of those houses which excite the curiosity of strangers. Some fine paintings, taken from the most striking parts of Ossian, is the subject of attraction. Amply is the eye feasted, and the imagination delighted, by the faithful delineation of the poem of the Celtic bard, regarded with such enthusiasm by the Scotch.

The apartment called Ossian's Hall (Lady Clarke's favourite sitting-room), is of large dimensions. The paintings occupy the

coved ceiling, and consist of twelve departments, exclusive of the large oval, or centre, and is a most conspicuous piece. The figures are as large as life; the subject is taken from the third book of the poem. Ossian, seated at the harp, displays all the wrapt enthusiasm of the bard, as his aged hand gracefully sweeps the strings, blended with an elevation of soul, which the rolling years of time has not chaced away, according to his fine expression of countenance. Close behind him, stands a Culdee, bent with age, leaning on his staff, full of mute attention. At his side is seen a young soldier, who rests on his spear in thoughtful admiration, as he listens to his song, yet, at the same time, wearing an expression of regret for not having existed in earlier times. Malvina is seated in a pensive attitude; her countenance, of the Grecian cast, is very lovely. The drapery, all white, is not unlike the *vesture* of a nun, and graceful. It is called, the *arasaig*, and is still worn in the highlands. Three lovely girls make up the rest of the most promi-

nent of the numberless figures in the piece. The inspiring strains of the bard appears to have recalled the departed heroes, whose figures are seen hovering in the clouds.

"*Let Caril,*" says Ossian, "*rejoice in their mist. The woeful faces of other times, look from the clouds of Crona.*"

The clouds of the scene where this part of the poem is laid, I am informed, sometimes assume such fantastic shapes, as to realize existing figures; and probably gave rise to the poet's peopling the sky with the departed.

It is to these figures the young girls are pointing with amazement, having been just discovered by an armed chief, standing behind the women. The scene is the ice shore, with promontories, and castles, backed by the blue hills of Morven. The subject of the twelve other paintings are from the most leading and interesting events in the work. The four principal rivers of Scotland, the Clyde, the Spey, the Tay, and the Tweed, occupy the four corners.

The execution of these paintings, by Runciman, are bold and striking, but will not bear minute criticism. The wild character of many of the figures reminded me of some of Fussili's designs.

The death of this artist is said to have been occasioned by the painful position of laying constantly on his back, with his hands and eyes elevated to the ceiling, while painting the figures, which so fatally affected his eyes, that they sunk into their sockets, and he instantly expired on finishing his undertaking.

The apartments at Pennycuick are hung with the works of many eminent artists; but as the family were at home, and Lady Clarke very politely withdrew while we visited the hall, I had no leisure for further remark.—The mansion, a stately edifice, is ornamented with a fine portico, supported by noble columns, and entered by a considerable flight of steps. The drive from Edinburgh to Pennycuick, is extremely diversified and pretty all the way. At the foot of the green Pentland hills, where,

sequestered in a woody recess, stands the seat of the late Lord Woodhouselee. I notice this spot, as having been the residence of a gentleman whose elegant and fine taste for literature, will ever bear a distinguished name, and also, as the spot where Allan Ramsay laid the scene of his Gentle Shepherd, the most beautiful pastoral drama in either Scottish or English poetry. At the end of an avenue leading to Pennycuick, is to be seen an obelisk, to the memory of this poet.

After devoting the morning to Ossian's Hall, we closed it amid the romantic and enchanting beauties of Roslin. My English friends climbed the woody steeps bordering the sparkling Esk, to look into the cave, where your heroic Wallace sought a temporary retreat in one of these wild recesses. Your imagination has so faithfully painted the romantic beauties of Roslin, it were vain to add any thing on the subject to you. In my former tour, is an account of the ancient chapel, and the singular caverns of Hawthorn Den.

LETTER V.

Kinnettles, Angus-shire,
June.

HAVING unfortunately been too sensibly alive to the cold and penetrating air, which, even in June, is felt in the city of Edinburgh, (for it is there Æolus may be said to reign supreme,) I lost much of that society it may so proudly boast in persons of eminent genius, and have been deprived of some of those golden hours rarely afforded in the common intercourse of life. I however had the honour of a visit from the author of various well known works, pre-eminent for that elegant simplicity and affecting interest, which powerfully awakens the finest sympathies of the heart.

Mr. M. so distinguished for his talents, his manners, and particularly excelling in the powers of conversation, is also to be

venerated as the last remaining pillar of that temple of genius and taste, by which Edinburgh was illumined during the middle and end of the last century. Those lights of literature which were declining, when he was advancing, still live in his memory, and enrich his communications. His cotemporaries were, the Robertsons, the historian and professor, Black, Maclaurin, Ferguson, Adam Smith, Hume, Dr. Blair, Henry, Carlysle, Beattie, in short, the whole constellation of genius, that might be said both to rise and set together, he lived with, in cordial intimacy. He has survived them all, to be now regarded as a kind of patriarch in literature, by the present heirs to their fame; Dugald Stuart, Scott, Campbell, Jaffery, Playfair, Alison, and many others, worthy successors of those stars now set, who were not mere recluse scholars, but formed the delight of that social circle in which they frequently and easily mingled.

Mrs. F—— is the Mrs. Montague of Edinburgh, her house being the centre of

all that is literary, amiable, and distinguished, and is herself no less characterized by intellect, than by virtue, by wit than by taste, softened by a captivation of manner rarely equalled.

The refinement of mind, the ease of manners, and general infusion of intelligence, which is to be met with in the society I mingled, during my sojourn in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, with a certain cordiality of kindness always grateful to a stranger, has left on my mind an impression of respect and good-will towards the community, and a feeling of attachment to individuals, which time will never chace away.

The stage from Edinburgh to Queen's Ferry is greatly enlivened by handsome villas boadering the road. To the left is seen the noble seat of the Earl of Roseberry, verging on the sea. Shortly after passing Barnbaugle, the view opens with much grandeur on the Firth of Forth, where Earl Hopetoun's magnificent mansion forms a conspicuous feature in the

landscape. Indeed, many are the objects of attraction. The church of Dalmany, seen at a distance, derives importance from Robertson, the historian, having been minister of that parish, where he is said to have written his history of Mary Queen of Scots.

The rocky island of Inchcolm, with its ruined monastery spreading on the summit, is a very picturesque object, rising out of the Firth; as also Inchgarvie, with the old castle of Rothes standing on the brink of the water. According to tradition, Inchcolm was founded by Alexander the First, in the year 1143. On crossing the Firth, he was overtaken by a storm, and driven for refuge on the island, where he was hospitably received, and entertained with such fare as a poor hermit afforded. His Majesty, grateful to his saint, to whose protection he attributed his safety, founded on the island a monastery of the order of St. Augustine, and dedicated it to St. Columba.

Inchgarvie is a building of modern date. It is an asylum for persons given to in-

briety. On an island of Lochlomond is one of the same description.

This ferry (two miles wide) obtained its name from Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm the Third, who,

"Here, o'er the rapid tide, by rocks confined,
A passage safe prepared;
From distant ages still her name it bears,
And shall for aye her monument remain."

CRERIE.

Queen Margaret was the daughter of Edmund, King of England. When William the Conqueror ascended the throne, Edgar, son of Edward, with his mother and sisters, Margaret and Christian, attended by several of the Northumbrian nobility, sailed for Hungary; but the wind proving adverse, they were driven by a severe storm on the coast of Scotland. The small squadron was anchored in a little bay, about a mile west of Queen's Ferry, called the Hope, or Saint Margaret's Hope.

Malcolm the Third, son of King Duncan, murdered by Macbeth, no sooner heard of

the landing of these illustrious persons, than he paid them a visit, and being enamoured of the Princess Margaret, was shortly afterwards espoused to her.

The country from Queen's Ferry to Kinross, barren of cultivation, affords nothing until Lochleven, with its picturesque island and ruin, rises from its glassy bosom, sheltered by the dark green hill of East Lomond. This is another scene of the piteous vicissitudes which the Scottish queen was destined to endure; for,

" ——————— In yon solitary isle,
Ill-fated Mary, captive and dethron'd,
Was wont to walk, musing with heavy heart,
On happier days, and fortune's sad reverse.
Her beauteous form, alas! her high-born hopes,
And former bliss, how little these avail,
To sooth the anguish of the sickly soul,
Ruthven to melt, or Lindsay's ruthless lord,
Or bend the heart of unrelenting guard.
Yet deem not lost the empire of her charms.
Her beauty, bathed in tears, young Douglas saw;
Nor saw unmoved the sorrow of the queen;
His generous loyal bosom beating high,
Nor selfish love, nor mad ambition there
Had room to enter. Eager to release
The captive fair, Hope lends him every aid;

Points out the means, exulting in success.
Mild evening scarce had shot her parting rays;
'Twas then with jovial mirth the castle rung,
When Douglas, watchful and alert, the keys
Secured. A beam of light brightly illum'd
The sovereign's breast; illusive, soon to fade.
They pass the gates behind them bolted fast;
The massy keys swift to the deep consign'd:
And boats and oars adrift prevented all pursuit.
Sudden they push from land; he plies the oar,
The moon-beams gently playing on the flood.
Swift flies the boat, and quickly gains the shore,
Where loyal lords, with swiftest steeds, await
Their sovereign's high command, and joyful hail
Her near approach. Meanwhile th' alarm is spread;
What wild confusion fills the castle walls;
Each guilty heart appal'd with dark dismay;
Her flight made known, dread vengeance for her crimes."

CREECH.

Time, instead of diminishing, seems to add to the interest awakened by the errors and misfortunes of this accomplished and ill-fated queen. The subject of her personal history, which has been so much canvassed, was in some degree lately revived, by the discovery of the keys of the castle, which was dragged up in a fisher-

man's net. They were thrown into the lake by the enamoured Douglas, when he quitted the island with the captive Mary.

The dwelling which memory consecrates to departed genius, as being once inhabited by Michael Bruce (the Scotch Kirk White), arrests the attention of the traveller, who, with a sentiment of mournful regret, bestows the tribute of a sigh to his early and untimely fate. When the small sashed window, entwined with honeysuckles, described by Lord Craig, in a paper of the Mirror, is presented to the eye, Bruce's pathetic lines, on the returning spring, wherein he anticipates his own premature death, so tender and beautiful, are forcibly recalled to my memory, beginning thus:

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns,
The vernal joys my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

After four more stanzas in the same melancholy strain, he concludes the two last, as follows:—

"Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains;
Enough for me, the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless mound.

Here let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
'Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise."

The parents of Michael Bruce, though in obscure life, yet contrived to send him to the University of Edinburgh. On his return to his native sequestered vale, amid its pastoral scenes, he indulged his taste for poetry, at the same time devoting his hours to the instruction of youth, until a pulmonary complaint, at the age of twenty-one, put a period to his existence. The summer before his death, he finished his beautiful poem of Lochleven. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Pearson, to whose classic taste he was much indebted, he takes his leave in language so pathetic and sublime, I cannot forbear adding this portraiture of his mind:—

"Farewell, my rival in immortal hope!

" my companion, my trust in eternity. " Though far distant, I take thee to my " heart; souls suffer no separation, from " the obstruction of matter, or distance of " place.—Oceans may roll between, and " climates intervene in vain. The whole " material creation is no bar to the winged " mind.—Farewell. Through boundless " ages may thou shine when the sun is " darkened.—Mayst thou live and tri- " umph, when time expires. It is at least " possible, that we may meet no more in " this foreign land, this gloomy apartment " of the universe. But there is a better " world, in which we may meet, to part no more.—Adieu."

" Oh, reader," (says some unknown author of him) " bless the memory of the gentle bard; and whilst the tear of pity trembles in thine eye, mayst thou feel the glow of emulative hope, and learn to live like him."

The most conspicuous feature in Kinross is the large and handsome mansion belonging to Mr. Graham, on the borders of

Lochleven;* a fresh-water lake, said to be fifteen miles in circumference. It is bounded by the Lomond Hill,† which is seen at a considerable distance.

The castle, a complete ruin, was founded by Congal, son of a Pictish king, and owes all its present interest to its picturesque situation, and the memorial attached to it of Queen Mary's misfortunes.

Kinross, a small mean looking town, is a place of no trade, nor has any manufactory, except an inconsiderable one of coarse linen.

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* *Lochleavain*, the lake of tranquility, or waveless water, four miles in length, is the same in breadth.

† Lomond, or Lommon, means the barrier, or the exposed isolated one.

LETTER VI.

Kinnoul Manse, June.

UNIFORM dulness marks the road, until the traveller arrives within a few miles of Perth, when every object becomes enchanting beyond description. The road winds at the foot of Alpine steeps, glowing with the burnished gold of the luxuriant broom, which emits the most delicious fragrance. These elevations, broken into rocky fragments, are often covered with dark fir-trees, and the vallies are rich with sylvan beauty.

Perth has been described in my former Tour, to which I again refer you. Yet 'ere I take my leave of it, permit me for a moment to dwell on those striking beauties which the fineness of the evening eminently heightened, as the sun retiring in

full splendour threw rays of gold on the summits of the snowy Grampians. On beholding the singular contrast, of the white clad hills, with the luxuriant plains, drest in all the gay verdure of summer, I could almost have imagined myself transported amongst the Alps; for, in truth, it was a perfect Italian scene. Nothing in nature could be more lovely than the view of this picturesque town (which is thought to resemble Florence), reposing on the banks of the silver and pellucid Tay, with the bridge, the river, and encircling hills, all luxuriantly wooded, reflecting their leafy shadows in the full clear stream. This sweetly tranquil spot, seems always to breathe repose to the spirits, which usually partake, in some degree, of the character of the place.

After resting a night with my relations at Kennettles (an elegant villa, not far from Glames), I proceeded through Strathmore, to my excellent friends at Kinnoul Manse, in the vicinity of Perth, the same unusual aspect of the country continuing the whole

road. The distant range of the dark Grampians, all topped with snow, while the vallies were decked in the softest verdure, was quite a novel scene to me, on midsummer day.

It was with pleasure I remarked the wonderful improvement in civilization and comfort amongst the lower orders in this part of the country, within these last few years. Neat substantial farm-houses, with the appearance of abundant corn-fields, bespeak the ambition of the husbandman to enrich their lands, which wave with the promise of prolific crops. Nor are pastures here uncommon, divided by green hedges. Agriculture is no longer neglected in Scotland; it is now become a pursuit of the first importance, and exalted into a science. There is a professor of that useful art in the University of Edinburgh, Coventry, by name, who reads agricultural lectures, which are very much attended. If I am not mistaken, he is the only person in Europe whose learning in this public way is made subservient to the most useful of all

arts. Both in Perthshire and in East Lothian the reputation and success of the farmers is such, that many young men come from England to serve an apprenticeship to these skilful farmers. Certainly, those efforts which produce crops equal to those in the south, from a less fertile soil, and genial climate, must be a proof of more than common skill and industry.

After leaving Kinross and Cowper of Angus, poverty and dirt no longer excited disgust. The visible change for the better, is most grateful to the eye, and pleasant to the feelings, in the progress of improvement. The neat cottages of the poor are now built of the good substantial stone of the country, finished with slate, instead of thatched roofs, and sashed windows, which admit the light of heaven. The dunghill before the door has disappeared, and rural gardens, with fruit-trees and flowers, embellish the walls. How greatly are the lower class indebted to Mrs. Hamilton, for the "Cottagers of Glenbervie:" which has tended to effect such a happy change

amongst that community of people, that must ensure not merely comfort, but health.

Home truths, though most unpalateable to digest at the time, yet, are like nauseous medicine, frequently effecting a surprising cure, when it comes to the root of the disease. Surely that of dirt, is one of the most loathsome.

The dress of the peasantry remains, as yet, unchanged by time. Blue flannel is still worn for a petticoat, with a short striped bed-gown. A cloth night-cap is the head-dress, tied under the chin; but young girls always go bare-headed, and still consider themselves fettered by shoes and stockings. This habit, though less pleasing to an eye accustomed to that of the south, is certainly better adapted than a close gown, to the drudgery which, in these northern districts, is assigned to the weaker sex, who always milk and attend the cattle, reap the corn, and take more than an equal share in all rural toil.' Mary Woolstonecroft, who was an acute observer,

remarks, the English, in the midland counties, are the only women who, among the lower class, have not some short and simple vesture, of the jacket or bed-gown sort, adapted for those occupations, in which the long gown is an encumbrance. These habits of convenience prevail, not merely in the north of Scotland, but all over northern Europe. Perhaps one reason why the apparel of the higher and lower classes assume the same form in our southern district is, that the women do less out-door work than the northern damsels. The eye accustomed to the uniformity of habit, is not easily reconciled to the Scottish homespun garb of these fellow-labourers with the husbandman.

LETTER VII.

Belvidere, near Aberdeen,
June.

THE short interval of time, since the close of my last letter, has been filled up with an interest so entirely personal, egotism is unavoidable, if I recur to those mournful yet tender recollections, which ever associate themselves with the renewal of early friendship. Yet, who is there, but at some period of life has not felt their heart glow with delight, when, after a lapse of time, the same objects are again presented, which formed a large portion of enjoyment. The same scene again meets the eye, the same hand is again extended, formerly pressed in youthful friendship. If, however, juvenile companionship awaken these sensations, there is, alas! others, of even a tenderer and more affecting na-

ture; and which may you be long, very long, in experiencing. It is, my dear Miss Porter, in beholding the last remaining friends of our parents sunk into the vale of years, gradually retiring from this mortal scene, when, scarcely terrestrial, the spirits seem almost soaring to that blessed region whither it is hastening; when in a last farewell, the tender cord of friendship is torn asunder, and all that diffused joy and sunshine to the heart exists no longer.

Those who are strangers to such sensations, and cannot therefore enter into the nature of them, I will forgive their passing over the above. To those who possess a mind like yours, alive to the tender and delicate feelings of the heart, no apology is requisite, as I shall readily be forgiven for partially dwelling on that friendship, which lent a peculiar charm to life, and which, even with time, can never fade from my remembrance.

I am at present on a visit to a younger branch of this family, who is married to a lovely young cousin of mine,

Cultivation and improvement is rapidly extending in this northern part of Scotland. Aberdeen, always a commercial and flourishing town, is also eminently distinguished as one of the first seats of learning. The two Universities have sent forth a constellation of talent, by which they have been brightly illuminated; men, whose names, as divines, philosophers, poets, and classical scholars, are sufficiently known, to render it necessary for me to enumerate their names to you.

Your acquaintance, Mr. Scott, the editor of the Champion, who justly ranks high in the list of modern tourists, perhaps you are not aware, is a native of Aberdeen. With no other advantage than his own excellent natural talents, aided by an education in this University, he has been enabled to entertain and interest the public, in no common degree. But when talents burst forth from the dark clouds of obscurity, and are lit up by a bright ray of genius, which discovers itself under every disadvantage of poverty, oppression, and discouragement,

surely a generous and feeling mind will not merely sympathize with the object who has such evils to contend with, but will be inspired with an interest for such a person, of no ordinary nature.

I allude to Christian Milne, a woman in very humble and obscure condition of life, to whom I was tempted to introduce myself from the perusal of one of her little manuscript poems (shewn me by a friend) an effusion of genius, so full of tenderness and beauty, when viewed as the production of an uneducated woman. Many circumstances in her hard lot, forcibly recalled to my recollection the powerful, though too ardent muse, and hapless fate of Lactilla, the Bristol milk-woman, whose short sunshine of patronage, only gave place to deeper clouds of adversity, and plunged her in more hopeless misery. Christian Milne does not possess the same ingenious imagination; but, with due encouragement, might afford greater pleasure by her performances. She has an ear far more attuned to harmony; her verse is smoother;

and the cast of her mind more gentle in adversity. In all its bitterness it has not tinctured her mind with the misanthropy which darkens the productions of Lactilla, whose lofty spirit resisting oppression in the veil of kindness, struggles, like the tawny lion, striving to get free. Christian Milne complains, and with great cause: her's is the plaintive tone of a gentle and subdued mind.

I found her seated in the midst of her children, clean, neat, and employed at her needle. Her homely apartment had none of the litter and disorder, seen in many of the dwellings of the poor in Scotland. Her countenance pale, melancholy, and sickly, is marked by intelligence. She rose, with timid surprise, when I entered, accompanied by a friend, and addressed me, when drawn into conversation, with modest confidence. She is the wife of a common carpenter. The narrative which Mrs. Milne gave me of herself, drawn up in her own words, is told with such interesting simplicity and truth, I am induced, without any

emendation, to give it verbatim, together with two specimens of her poetry.

"My father, Thomas Ross, was a house-wright and cabinet-maker. He was the son of a farmer in the parish of Aberdeen, Bamffshire. My mother, Mary Gordon, was the daughter of Charles Gordon, who, at the time of my father and mother's marriage, was a school-master in the town of Forres, in the county of Murray. A neighbour of my mother's hearing that my father was a clever ingenious man, invited them to Inverness, where he assisted to set my father up in business. I was born on the 15th of May, 1773. My mother died when I was very young. About a year after her decease, my father married Mary Denton, who had been eleven years house-keeper in the family of the Honourable George Duff, brother of the late Lord Fife. My step-mother's relatives lived in the parish of Marnoch, near Bamff. That she might be near them, my father left Inverness, and came to live in

the new town of Auchentoul, where I was taught to read and write. I learned to read of an old woman, who also taught me to knit, but I soon read better than my teacher, because I practised it more; for the good woman never stopped her spinning-wheel while she gave her instructions. I was an hour every morning at a writing-school, where I wrote a page, and employed the rest of the hour learning arithmetic. This hour was the only happy one during the day; as I was obliged to spin my task, or stay from school the next morning. At this school I was only six months, though the whole expense was only one shilling and sixpence per quarter. I delighted so much in writing, that I carried a piece of broken slate always in my pocket, and when I could get out of sight, sat down and wrote upon it, so long, I was afraid to go home. I delighted in copying every thing in the form of verses. I did not think any unworthy of being written down. My reading and writing was all by stealth, as my step-mother was justly of-

fended with me for neglecting my work. To prevent my scribbling, she would hide my inkstand, behind chests, or where it was least possible for me to think of looking for it. There were a good many books in my father's house: but as I got no time to read, I profited little by them. Those which I liked most, were the Spectator, and Guardian, two old romances, and two or three old plays. There was no poetry in the house, except Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and Milton's Paradise Lost. All these I stole out, volume by volume, and fastened them under my frock; and when I was sent on errands, I sat down by the way, and read till I forgot I had to return home; but when I recalled home, and my errand came to mind, I wept bitterly, from fear of the reward due to my thoughtless conduct. I then made a resolution never to yield to the temptation of reading again, but, alas! those resolutions were always broke.

"When about fourtee years of age, I was sent to Aberdeen, and went to service.

I had neither books, nor leisure, but I was treated with kindness, and was happy. There I composed many things while I was at work, and wrote them down on the Sunday evenings. After keeping them for some time, I destroyed them, that it might not be known, that I *fashed* my head with such nonsense. Then I went on writing, and destroying, till I was twenty-two years of age, when I became a servant to Dr. Jack, Principal of King's College, Old Aberdeen. I had a slight illness, during which time I was very low-spirited, and lamented that I had no home to go to, in case I should get worse, (my father being then dead.) I sat up in bed, wrote the little poem, published, "Painful Recollections." Just when I had finished it, and laid it down, Mrs. Jack came to my closet, with the kind intention of enquiring how I did. The paper lay on the table. Mrs. Jack asked me if I had been writing, and if it was my own composition, or if I had copied it. I was afraid to acknowledge myself the author; but the Doctor and she

told me I needed not to be ashamed. At this I was encouraged to confess that I had written much, but destroyed them. Dr. Jack advised me to preserve what I might write in future, which I did.*

"In my twenty-fourth year I was married to Peter Milne, a journeyman ship-carpenter. Soon after, I became known to the lady of Capt. Livingston, who commended what was shewn her, and made me happy by speaking to me with kindness, and expressed a wish to see whatever I wrote. When I had collected a good many little poems, Mrs. Livingston shewed them to Doctor Livingston, and his lady kindly invited me to their house; and never shall I forget how proud and happy I felt that day. Dr. Livingston shewed my poems to the Right Rev. Bishop Skinner, and Mr.

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*Principal Jack told me, when conversing with him on the subject of Christian Milne, that she used to steal from his library volumes of Shakespear, and the other poets; and until found in her chamber, he had no suspicion of her being the thief.

Ewen, who called upon me; and to my utter astonishment, offered me their support; and proposed to publish my little writings, which were published by subscription in 1805. The profits amounted to £100. which was a great sum to me.

"I have been afflicted with very bad health for eleven years. During the winter and spring, I am seldom able to rise from my bed. I have eight children, five of which I have nursed with the spoon. Though the profits of my little book, and the patronage of some of the worthiest people have been very sweet to me, yet those blessings have been much embittered by the ridicule and contempt I have been treated by those among whom I am obliged to live,* because I have been so idle as to write rhymes. But those respectable ladies

* Mrs. Milne's habitation is in a second floor, of a very mean house, in a small fishing-town, called, *Foot Dee*, where all the uncivilized fish-wives live. Foot Dee, or, the Foot of the River Dee, is of the same description of place as our Billingsgate.

and gentlemen, whose names I have mentioned, can witness, that I have not been the more idle on that account; for I have composed my poems, such as they are, when I was most busily employed about my washing, baking, or when rocking the cradle with my foot, the inkstand in one hand, the pen in the other, and the paper on my knee, with my children about me. When busy at work, I laid the paper and ink beside me, and wrote the stanza as it came into my mind, and then to my work again.

"I have suffered many difficulties and much sickness. My husband has been twice taken captive by the Americans, and lost his clothes and wages. But still I have kept my little treasure untouched. The world may blame me in suffering what I had done to save it, but it was from a good intention; for when I saw so many widows, when I looked around, left by seafaring men in poverty, I felt, if deprived of my husband, this was intended by a kind Providence to keep me from want,

when I should be left a helpless widow with a large family.

"I have written very little for these last six years; I have been so sickly, and had so much care. The half of my husband's wages, which is all I am allowed when he is at sea, proves insufficient for our support, though I teach my girls to read and write myself, but send the boys to proper teachers. When these are paid, there is little left behind to purchase clothes for them, so that I am obliged to descend from Parnassus, and doubling my former diligence, in piecing, darning, and making one thing out of another, that they may be whole and clean.

"The gentleman who has been my husband's employer for twelve years, has built a new vessel of 120 tons burthen, and has been made master of her. My long-saved money has just purchased a sixteenth share of the said vessel. If he is successful, we may be in a little better circumstances in a year or two; but I must leave that to God, who has done so much for me.

A POEM,

On seeing the last Rose for the Season hanging on a Tree.

"YON lovely solitary rose,
That bends the stem whereon it grows,
And droops in seeming woe;
Those flow'ry friends it seems to mourn,
Who've left it, never to return;
They strew the dust below.

Despoil'd of beauty, see them laid
Beneath their mother's leafy shade;
They tell yon lovely flower,
That this, like them, must quickly die,
Then wafted by the zephyr's sigh,
Its leaves will strew the bower.

Returning spring again will grace
Their mother with another race,
As sweet and fair as they;
They'll kiss the sun, and drink the dew,
Be praised while they're unspoil'd and new,
Yet they'll but have their day.

Thus man's frail race spring up and bloom,
To-day they're fair, but in the tomb
To-morrow low they lie;
Yet when the soul's unspoil'd by crimes,
Tho' sinks the frame, the spirit climbs,
And blooms above the sky."

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

" Now spring in her beauty is seen,
With garlands adorning her head;
The vales she has painted with green,
And with daisies enamell'd the mead.

The songsters are warbling their loves,
On the new spreading leaves on each spray;
Their music resounds through the groves,
Where, lost to enjoyment, I stray.

This garden that once was my boast,
Sweet spring has delightfully drest;
To me its attractions are lost,
Since Mary's retir'd to her rest.

When primroses last were in bloom,
With sorrow I follow'd her bier,
I laid her lov'd head in the tomb,
And bath'd it with many a tear.

The violets, so fragrant and blue,
That grow by the foot of yon tree,
Are emblems how sweet and how true,
Her friendship and love were to me.

My secrets were safe in her breast,
When I griev'd she was soothing and kind;
But now she has fled to the blest,
Whilst cheerless I wander behind.

How oft have I seen her employ'd
In rearing those flow'rets so gay;
They'll blossom and fade unenjoy'd,
Since Mary, lov'd Mary's away.

If angels from regions above,
E'er visit the mansions below,
Where those they once bless'd with their love,
Sits sunk in dejection and woe.

Come, Mary, and mark how sincere
My grief for your absence has been;
Adown my pale cheek, where each tear
Has pass'd, a deep furrow is seen.

Stand oft by my pillow at night,
Array'd in your robes of the sky;
Oh, brighten my dreams with your sight,
And whisper the hour I shall die.

And, oh! when that hour does arrive,
How bless'd shall I be when we meet;
Tho' enjoy'd, our bliss, when alive,
'Twill then be refin'd, and complete."

LETTER VIII.

Bamff, July.

The Scotch afford us an example of warm-hearted hospitality, which I am sorry to remark, we are very backward in bestowing upon strangers. If they are behind our southern neighbours in refinement, they amply compensate for its absense, in all that glowing kindness, which at once sets a person at ease, in the comfortable feeling of considering themselves at home. It literally is only to be a stranger, to be kindly taken in.

The situation of Bamff is wild and singular: it rests on green elevations, bold, and picturesque; and is strongly marked by an appearance of antiquity. On a high point of ground, which commands a wide extent of sea, are the slight remains of

what was the violent covenanter, Archbishop Sharp's palace. Adjoining, is a good modern house, called, Bamff Castle, formerly the habitation of the last Countess of Findlater. This old family mansion has no pretension to the title of a castle, from its architectural form. There are a few good pictures here, and the walls of one of the apartments are painted in fresco. In a part of the country, so bare of trees, the few which shade the Castle are very grateful to the eye; for, except the rich plantations of Lord Fife's, which extensively spread along the banks of the Deveron, the climate here does not admit of their growing spontaneously. The Murray Firth forms a noble bay, stretching from the bold rocky promontory of Trouphead to the shores of Portsoy. In a fine clear evening the wild mountains of Ross-shire, Sutherland, and the ord of Caithness, form a magnificent feature in the landscape.

The entrance into the town is by a handsome stone bridge, thrown over the

river, which meanders at the foot of partially wooded rocks, through Duff Park, till its course seems to be lost amid the wild and romantic glen; above which is suspended the bridge of Alvar.

Bamff, the capital of the county, is a royal borough. The town lies in two divisions; the upper, and the lower. The principal streets are spacious, and contain several respectable well built houses, and possess an air of neatness and cleanliness, which gives it, in that respect, a superiority over many more important Scotch towns. The church, and town-house, are each handsome structures. On an eminence, about half a mile distant from Bamff, is the busy little fishing-town of Macduff, where the salmon is carried to an immense storehouse, and there prepared for our London markets. The produce of this fishery brings a vast revenue to the Earl of Fife. One evening, I saw no less than five hundred taken in nets. It is a very amusing and enlivening scene to Bamff. The pier

is neither commodious, nor good, and the harbour considered so dangerous, that no large vessels anchor here.

The manufactories of thread and cotton are not extensive; and Bamff appears to be more a place of resort for genteel families of small independent fortune, than one appropriated to trade. The society here is considered remarkably select and good. The Earl of Fife spends a great portion of his time at Duff House, where, by his elegant and condescending manners, joined to a splendid hospitality, his lordship has secured to himself the esteem of the neighbourhood. I understand he has past much of his life in visiting foreign courts, and travelling through most of the countries of Europe. With respect to the emancipation of Spain, he shewed, when Lord Duff, the most noble and disinterested zeal. That nation conferred on him the rank of major-general. He fought with the utmost gallantry in their battles, suffering frequently the greatest privations. His lordship was severely wounded in the affair

of Matagorda; and in cases where that oppressed country required his aid, he spared neither his fortune or his person.

Duff House is at present a quadrangle; the original plan of the celebrated architect, Adams, never having been completed, of adding the wings. The front is decorated with Corinthian pillars; a handsome balustrade runs at the top, terminated at each corner by a square turret. Ascending by a flight of steps, I was shewn into the vestibule. Over the chimney-piece is a fine painting of the angel Michael, trampling Satan under his feet.

The north dining-room contains a striking resemblance of the present Earl, by Rayburn, as major-general in the Spanish service. He is drest in the costume of that country.

Next to his lordship is a full-length of General Sir John Downie, a native of Sterlingshire, who also performed a splendid part in the Spanish warfare. The sword of the celebrated Pizzaro, long in the possession of one of the most noble and ancient

families in Spain was presented by a lady of high rank to General Downie, as an acknowledgement for his distinguished intrepidity and humanity, in preserving her magnificent palace from the ravages of the ferocious French. This valuable relic, Sir John, by a happy presence of mind, when afterwards wounded and taken prisoner, he saved from the enemy by throwing it across the river, when it was picked up, and afterwards restored to him, accompanied with many other honourable testimonies of gratitude and approbation, by the allies, in that district of Spain.

There has lately been added to the collection of pictures at Duff House, a series of paintings in the Spanish character and costumes, which occupy the lower apartments.

On the grand staircase is a very striking piece, of Adam and Eve in the Garden. Adam is seated beneath the fatal tree of knowledge, to which Eve is pointing. Entwined amid the branches, lurks the serpent, bearing the apple in his mouth,

while Eve is regarded by Adam with a countenance of sorrowful anxiety and apprehension. Her's portray a tender and timid apprehension.

The suite of apartments are hung chiefly with portraits, many of them eminent characters. Amongst the most conspicuous are Cecil Earl of Burleigh, and Devereux Earl of Essex, by Zuchero. Also, Gen. Monk, in armour, done by Sir Peter Lelly. Mrs. Abingdon, is exquisitely painted. Sir Joshua Reynolds has given her all that comic archness of character, of which her unrivalled powers have left no copy.

In the blue bed-chamber, is a full-length of Elizabeth Stuart, the mother of Oliver Cromwell, whom history represents as a staunch royalist, always reproaching her son for his usurpation, which he parried off with a kind of playful humour, throwing his handkerchief at her, when she proceeded to extremes. The expression of countenance is homely, contracted, and mean. She is drest in a black hood and garment.

Some interesting portraits hang in the

adjoining room. One, of Louis the Fourteenth possesses a strongly marked countenance; the eyes dark and penetrating, with an open and commanding brow.

The interesting portraits of his two mistresses, Madame de Montaspar, and the tender and lovely Duchess de Valliere, I unfortunately did not see; they were sent to London to be cleaned.

It is impossible to contemplate Louis *le Grand*, without recurring to the private vices of this magnificent monarch, and bestowing a sigh to the memory of Madame de Valliere, who, amid the severe penance of a cloistered life, as a Carmelite nun (the most austere of all orders) sought to tear from her heart the recollection of that capricious king, whose glorious reign still is worshipped by nations not his own.

A half-length of Jane Shore, is a very attractive portrait. The face is that of a Madona, with eyes dark, and melting. The lips are small and pouting, the brow high, and hair auburn. There is an air of melancholy in the appearance of this un-

fortunate female, which powerfully recalls her sufferings, greatly aggravated by her merciless foes, who, adding insult to cruelty, permitted her to languish under every accumulated woe.

There is a picture of the late James, Earl of Fife, in his robes, and one of his Countess, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; likewise, in the same apartment, Queen Albertina, of Orange; Princess Mary, eldest daughter of King Charles the First; Prince Henry of Wales, his son, who died young; likewise a picture of the great Earl of Mansfield, by Sir Joshua.

There is an exquisite picture of King Henry the Seventh in the great drawing-room. Dignified beauty is in the countenance; the eyes are mild, yet intelligent. His majesty is attired in a dark brown robe, and wears a black cap. This was painted in the decline of life.

A portrait of Queen Elizabeth, two years before her decease. The countenance wrinkled, bearing evident marks of that remorse which clouded her latter days,

after the favourite she loved, and the sister queen, whom she meanly envied, had fallen victims to her malignant passions. Possessing all the great qualities of a man, it is mortifying to see her in these, and other instances, descend to all the littleness of an exasperated and low-minded woman.

In viewing the picture of Lady Jane Gray, what interest is excited in recurring to the fate of this youthful and lovely woman, whose learning was alone surpassed by that genuine piety which marked all her short life. This picture, by Zuchero, by no means convey the idea of that heavenly expression of face, which must have characterized Lady Jane Gray. The features want softness; and though certainly lovely, do not bespeak that captivating sweetness one pictures from so pure a being. The dress is ill chosen. She wears an embroidered robe, with a mantle flowing from the shoulder. The hair drest high and stiff, with a hat worn at the back of the head, ornamented with pink ribbons,

gives a bold, rather than a beaming expression of softness to her eyes, which are dark and full.

In the next apartment is a full length picture of the portly Henry the Eighth. This portrait was originally in the possession of his ambitious favourite, Cardinal Wolsey.

The Earl's bedchamber is hung with the pictures of the following celebrated persons; Madame de Maintenon, drest in a close robe, and a blue mantle, with a veil negligently thrown over the head. The face is rather expressive of "*fat contented good humour*," than that deep and profound sense which won the lasting affection of the capricious Lewis. Her dark eyes, mild and tender, are not expressive of that lively wit, and those irresistible talents, which held her lover captive all his days.

The two courtezans, Nell Gwynn, and Lucy Waters, were very beautiful women, according to the representation of them. There is a playful archness in the face of Nell, that proclaims her a daughter of Thalia.

The portrait of the late Lady Coventry, gives the most perfect idea of her radiant beauty, and realizes Mason's description:

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of sweet surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes.

Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chac'd by a charm still lovelier than the last."

The suite of apartments at Duff House, are airy, elegant, and tastefully fitted up; and have an appearance of comfort, which always exist, when these stately mansions are inhabited by the possessor.

The country between Aberdeen and Bamff, is entirely destitute of beauty. I can only describe it as a wide uninclosed tract of land, the sterile appearance of which is sometimes broken by crops of corn, and a few plantations of firs.

I passed through the small towns of Old Meldrum and Turiff, destitute of any thing remarkable. Fyvie Castle, which

I saw on the road to Bamff, belonging to General Gordon, is a noble edifice. On approaching Bamff, there is a grand sea view, which the town commands.

LETTER IX.

College Elgin, July.

I PROCEEDED from Bamff to Portsoy, Cullen, Fochabers, and Elgin, where I am arrested by the venerable antiquities of the place.

At Portsoy, Mr. Clark, the lapidary, shewed me a variety of marbles, collected from the neighbouring rocks, which produce some singular specimens of serpentine, asbestos, feldt-spar, and a remarkable flesh-coloured granite, which, on being polished, assumes a resemblance in the figures upon it, to the Arabic character. The mineralogist has here ample field to explore; and also in the neighbourhood of Bamff, and the quarries of Robislaw, near Aberdeen, will find some valuable productions. In the avenue at Kennettles,

and amongst the rocks which rise at the back of the house, there are some composed of the brecca, or plum-pudding stone; and I picked up agates, cornelians, and fine specimens of jasper. Indeed there is scarcely a part of Scotland that does not abound with some of these beautiful productions of nature.

Cullen,* though a small place, is a royal borough, and formerly a constabulary, of which the Earls of Findlater were hereditary constables. It was then called *Inverculan*, being situated at the mouth of the water of *Cullan*, or Cullen, at the north end of the town. Two miles distant are the remains of an ancient castle, overhanging the sea, called Castle Hill; and the ruin of a house is shewn, where the queen of King Robert Bruce is said to have died.

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* "Near this town the Duke of Cumberland, after his march from Bamff, joined the rest of his forces from Strathmore, and encamped at Cullen."

PENNANT.

At the base of two conical elevations, yet founded on a rock, stands the antique mansion of Cullen House, once the noble seat of the Earls of Findlater, but which has now descended into Lord Seafield's family. The beautiful sweep of woods, hanging in wild luxuriance over the banks of the *Burn* of Cullen, above which is suspended a stone bridge of one arch, gives a romantic and beautiful appearance to the pleasure-grounds, finely diversified with hills and dales. The wild sequestration of this lovely place, possesses a pensive solemnity, in character with the venerable and ancient mansion.

There is an air of much grandeur in the suite of apartments, all decorated in good taste; and without being inconsistently modernized, attach much comfort to their appearance.

On the grand staircase is a fine scripture piece of Queen Esther brought before King Ahasuerus.

Over the door, leading to the drawing-

room, is a beautiful Magdalen; also a good picture of sea-nymphs.

The drawing-rooms are adorned with several scriptural subjects.

One of the conical hills, called the *Bin Hill*, which rises at the back of Cullen House, is said to be 1050 feet in height. Within these few last years it has been richly planted. The house, to the north, commands a fine view of the Moray Firth, extending to Inverness-shire.

The road from Cullen to Fochabers, is, for the most part, through the centre of sombre fir-woods; when those of Cullen, give place to a sterile and desert waste for some miles, till the traveller enters upon the Duke of Gordon's princely domain, approached through long avenues of these melancholy trees, but on one of the finest level roads in the kingdom.

Fochabers consists of one short street, in the middle of which stands, in solitary beauty, an elegant new church, built from the model of that of St. Andrew's, in the New Town of Edinburgh. Its stately ap-

pearance, in such a mean looking place as Fochabers, has a very imposing effect. The town is terminated by the grand entrance into the extensive park, belonging to Gordon Castle, which noble building is situated a mile from the gate, and is not visible until a near approach, from the luxuriant decoration of fine trees thickly grouped, in every part of this extensive park. The branches of one tree, I was informed, when measured, spread in width to no less than seventy-three yards.

The Castle, built of the fine free-stone of the country, covers a vast extent of ground, and is a most superb and princely edifice.

The Castle rises to the height of four stories, and is terminated by a pavillion, of two stories, united by a gallery of two lower stories. The extent of this noble front is 568 feet.*

* "Gordon Castle was originally a gloomy tower in the Bog of Gight, closely environed by an impassable morass, and accessible only by a cause-

The hall is ornamented with copies of the two most celebrated statues, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medicis, by Harwood; also busts of Homer, Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and Seneca.

The great drawing-room contains some scripture pieces. The one of Abraham, dismissing Hagar, is exquisitely copied by Angelica Kauffman, from Guercino. The child stands in an attitude of grief, with his hands raised to his eyes, which are concealed. Abraham has his extended, in the act of dismissal, and wears a look of dignified concern in his countenance.

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way and drawbridge. Its most ancient tower, the structure of the 10th or 11th century, is, by much architectural ingenuity, preserved, in the middle of the southern side of this present fabric, which in height it considerably surpasses; while by the thickness and cumbrous strength of its walls, it forcibly runs back with our imagination to that unpleasant state of society, when its lord was not only obliged to reside in a fort, but that fort constantly under the apprehension, if not actually suffering by the pressure of a siege."

FORSYTH'S ACCOUNT OF MORAY.

Hagar, with frowning indignation, regards him, as Sarah seems to view them with a look of composed indifference.

There is one on the same subject at Cullen House, I was informed an original.

The other pictures are, Venus and Adonis, Dido, and a Saint Cecilia, and Danæ, by Titian.

The picture of St. Paul rebuking St. Peter (in the breakfast room), copied by Angelica Kauffman, from the original by Guido Rheni, for which ten thousand sequins had been offered, was considered the most valuable painting in the Sampieri Palace at Bologna. In this room are two excellent portraits of His Grace and the Duchess, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; also, a good likeness of the Marquis of Huntley, in regimentals, by the Scotch artist, Robertson.

I was pleased with the expression of the countenance of the Rev. John Hume, whose portrait hangs in the library. Such was the rigid discipline of the presbytery of Scotland in his day, that when it became

known that he was the author of that beautiful dramatic piece, the tragedy of Douglas, it was deemed so unbecoming in a man of his function to turn his talents in that channel, he was deprived of his gown, and his character aspersed for attempting a dramatic work. Even in the present times, when these illiberal prejudices have somewhat subsided, and the people are become less scrupulous of joining in public amusements, a minister of the kirk would not venture to shew himself at the theatre,* nor dance at an assembly, however young he may be; for the example would not only be considered highly indecorous, but he would be chastised, in all probability, by the general assembly.

Instrumental music, which is not yet tolerated in the kirk of Scotland, is still considered an innovation of the sanctity of the day, however sacred the subject.

* With the exception of the performance of Cato; when, I am told, some of the clergy regularly attended on Kemble's appearance in that character.

I remember hearing an anecdote of an English lady, who attempted to introduce music on the Sunday evening in Edinburgh. Soon after the performance commenced, one of the magistrates waited on her, in order to put a stop to it, being against the habits of the country, and therefore not allowed, but on lawful days, as it disturbed the peace of the sabbath.

To return to the environs of Gordon Castle, where I first had a view of the rapid Spey, one of the most magnificent rivers in Scotland, there is a handsome new bridge, erected within these few years,*

* "The danger of getting across this impetuous river, often for days impassable, sometimes from floods, sometimes from frost, and floating ice; all ranks joined, according to their respective means, in contributing to the expense, of which the State bestowed nearly the half, from the revenues of the empire; and the contract being completed, with Mr. Burns, of great celebrity in that department of architecture, the foundation-stone was laid the 29th June, 1801, by the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntley, attended by a numerous retinue of the first respectability, and by more than ten thousand spec-

over which the high road passes to Inverness. The scenery of this part of the country owes what little diversity it possesses, to the noble domain of Gordon Castle, being naturally sterile, and the hills rude and uncultivated.

The venerable towers of Elgin cathedral, seen at a distance, as they proudly rise above embowering trees, on entering the province of Moray, have a fine effect.

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tators. It was completed in the year 1804, at the cost of £14,880, of which the Duke of Gordon advanced £5000, out of his own private fortune."

FORSYTH'S ACCOUNT OF MORAY.

LETTER X.

College, Elgin, July.

THE situation of Elgin might be almost denominated rural, if it was not for the air of pensive solemnity, the magnificent ruin of the cathedral produces, with its ancient grey towers mingling in the landscape. There is here a degree of soft repose in every object, which, after losing all traces of the sea, is very grateful to my feelings, for the gentle breath of summer comes fraught with the most salubrious temperament, produced by every vegetable object, several weeks forwarder than in Aberdeen. Every sylvan glade, every shady bank, is covered with blooming rose-trees, and a profusion of other lovely flowers; and corn-fields wave, with the promise of cheering abundance.

I am told, from calculation, that there are forty days less rain during the year in the province of Moray, than in any other part of Scotland.

From a high point of ground, called, New Hill, on the Lossie Mouth road, the view of Elgin, resting in the vale, with the towers of the cathedral caught in the view, the double row of painted windows, belonging to the grand choir, terminated at their base by a superb arched one, produce an effect singularly magnificent, and rendered eminently beautiful, when contrasted with scenery so soft and luxuriant. This vale is justly called the garden of Scotland. The gentle Lossie, still yet pellucid, glides through the pretty green meadows enamelled with a variety of wild flowers.

Proceeding from the town to the ruins, a circular window forms a fine vista, at the termination of the college, as seen from the cross. The grand arched gateway, separated by the noble west towers, in which are five niches, supposed formerly to contain figures; also in an oval medallion, one

of the Virgin. The noble arch of exquisite tracey work, was filled with coloured glass; the ornamental part is still most beautiful. On proceeding forward, the grand choir becomes an object of surprising grandeur. The light elegant stone-work is of the florid gothic, consisting of the greatest variety of ornament; and the fluted columns, instead of standing in even uniformity, gracefully recedes. From the centre of this mass of ruin, magnificent even in decay, was pointed out to me where the grand tower formerly stood, to the height of 199 feet: I next entered the choir, in a more perfect state than the other parts of the cathedral. A rich stone gallery terminates the top, beautifully carved. Beneath, are five windows to the east, with two on each side to light the grand altar. One grand stall remains, where the bishop sate during the performance of religious ceremonies, with five others of the dignified clergy.

The chapter-house, with a clustered pillar in the centre, and bearing the bishop's arms, is a fine remnant of antiquity. That

this majestic ruin may not further fall into decay, it is now undergoing a proper repair, which is done in so judicious a manner, at the liberal expense of Lord Fife, it will sustain the same appearance of venerable decay.

Bishop Andrew Murroff is said to have laid the foundation-stone of this cathedral, built in the form of a Jerusalem cross, and according to Mr. Forsyth's account, had five towers, two of which were on the corners of the west end, one in the middle, and two on the west end, between which, was the grand entrance. The gateway, an arch terminating in an angle, is 24 feet broad at the base, and 24 feet high. There were aisles on each side of the church, eastward from the transept, which were 18 feet broad, outside the walls. Besides the large window in the aisles, there was a range of windows above the aisles, each 6 feet in height. In the west gable, above the gate, there was a window 27 feet high, and 19 wide at the base. In the east gable there was a range of five windows, each 10 by 2

feet; above, four more, each seven feet high; and over all, near the centre, a circular window, near ten feet in diameter. The chapter-house is an octagon, 34 feet high, 27 in breadth. The vaulted roof is supported by a clustered pillar, 9 feet in circumference. From this pillar, ribs stretch along the roof, to each angle of the octagon, each of seven sides, has a window; the eighth side joins the choir."

When this chuch was entire, it must have been a most superb fabric, and, according to the account which I have taken the liberty to quote of its dimensions, it had covered a considerable extent of ground.

It was sacrilegiously stripped of the lead, together with that of the cathedral in Old Aberdeen, and shipped for Holland, where it was to be sold, but the vessel sunk within a mile of the harbour of Aberdeen, from whence she sailed.

What was formerly the college, is now converted into a family mansion, which some agreeable friends of mine occupy. The thick and massive walls, in the stone-

arched kitchen, is the only remaining specimen of its former antiquity. The Bishop of Moray's palace, now a ruin, is situated two miles from Elgin, and stood on the banks of Loch Spinie; but the lake having within these few years been drained, the large square tower, with the detached fragments of the pondrous walls, now lies in the midst of marshy ground, on a gentle elevation. This pile of buildings when entire, was considered one of the most magnificent edifices in Scotland. It is related, that Bishop David Stuart, having a dispute with the Earl of Huntley, the Gordons threatened to pull him "*out of his pigeon holes*," meaning, the small rooms of his former episcopal residence. The bishop answered, "*he would build a house, out of which the earl and his whole clan should not be able to pull him.*"

There is something very mournful, my dear friend, in contemplating the fallen grandeur of these noble remnants of ancient architecture, which fancy again peoples with the dignified personages who filled these splendid sanctuaries; and a senti-

ment bordering on regret, mingles with a view of such places, when it is considered, that as the age becomes more enlightened and refined, the taste partakes rather of the airy and light, in the style of architecture, than the solemn and sublime, which on being regarded, naturally elevates the mind to a feeling above the daily insignificance of worldly objects.

Several houses in Elgin bear marks of great antiquity, and had been the residence of the nobility. The church and toll-booth stand in the middle of the High-street, which is terminated by a green mound, called the Ladies' Hill. Not far from thence, there is a public building now erecting, of such magnitude, it will produce a fine object in the principal entrance, as a noble specimen of modern architecture, composed of the free-stone of the country.

Doctor Alexander Gray, a native of Elgin, bred to medicine, by a long residence in India, acquired a handsome fortune. After bestowing part of it on his rela-

tions, he generously gave the sum of thirty thousand pounds to endow an hospital for the sick and poor of the town, and county. He also gave the interest of three thousand pounds, to be divided into annuities for old-maids, of respectable and indigent families, who had been resident in Elgin. Likewise a further donation of four thousand pounds, to be applied to the building of a new church. The trustees for the management of these funds, have began the hospital, now considerably advanced, from a plan of Mr. Gillespie's, of Edinburgh. The situation is happily chosen, and the execution of the design promises to be very grand.

These gentlemen have lately admitted twelve elderly maidens to the benefit of their annuities,—a very desirable addition to their comfort.

The church, I am informed, cannot be commenced until the death of Dr. Gray's widow, as her annuity arises from the capital to be applied for that purpose.

Not far from the hospital, and com-

manding a delightful view, there is an elegant cottage erecting, after a model of some of our most beautiful English ones, in the gothic style; quite a new plan of building in Scotland. It is to be occupied by Miss R—— of Elgin, a lady who has displayed much taste in the model of her cottage, as also in the situation which she has chosen.

LETTER XI.

College Elgin, July.

FEW monastic ruins can boast the stately grandeur of Pluscardine, which reposes in a valley of the same name, situated three miles from Elgin. It is sequestered at the foot of steep hills, and shaded by high embowering trees. Here reigns

"Silence and solitude, twin sisters old."

* * * * * * * *

"The pealing organ and the nightly prayer
No more is heard. The solitary owl
Her vigils keep, and, moping, lonely sings
The solemn dirge of desolation drear,
Amid the ruins of these mould'ring walls."

CRERIE.

This priory was founded by Alexander the Second, in the year 1230, in honour of the patron of Scotland, and was called

Vallis Sancti Andrea. The monks were of the order of St. Bennet, and the house was subject to the Abbey of Dunfermline. The number of the monks were only fourteen, the younger sons of families of distinction in the neighbourhood, with a prior at the head.

This ruin is now the property of the Earl of Fife, who, with much liberality, has employed masons to repair the mutilated parts of this beautiful fabric.

When I stood in the centre of this vast building, I was opposite the spot where formerly was placed the altar. On the left hand of the body of the church, it was evident the walls had been painted in fresco. A catholic priest informed me, the subjects had been taken from St. John the Evangelist. Part of the monastery, containing a long gallery, together with the dormitory, are now demolished. The cemetry still contains a few mutilated tombs: one in particular is marked, as having contained the body of a monk, from the sign of the cross, which is rudely carved on the stone, and

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bearing a nearly defaced Latin inscription. There is a cell visible in the cavity of the wall, where penances were performed. Scrambling up some decayed steps, I came to the walls of the dormitory, from whence I discovered the broken fragments of what had been the prior's house, leading to the dormitory, and by a winding staircase, led into an open court, overshadowed by five tall ash-trees, which was a place for exercise and recreation. Looking over the broken high arched window of this ruinous edifice, the green branches of the trees waving over them, cast "*a dim religious light*," by no means unpleasing.

This priory, divested of all florid ornament, is, like Elgin cathedral, chaste, classic, and superb, and may be considered one of the most perfect specimens of that description of building. It was esteemed by a traveller* of correct taste, as bearing a

* The author of that elegant and classical work, "*Remarks on Italy.*"

Mr. Forsyth's description of, and reflections on,

greater resemblance to the antique and sequestered monasteries in Italy than any other ruin in Great Britain.

Rome and the Coliseum, must come home to every bosom, and every heart must contract in exclaiming —it is too true!

"Every nation" he remarks, "has undergone its revolution of vices; and, as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the brave are never cruel; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aquaducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery: a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper!

"Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself; decayed, vacant, serious yet grand; half gray and half green, erect on one side, and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom, inhabited by a *beadsman*; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to

Mr. Joseph Forsyth was a native of Elgin. The last twelve years of his life were spent on the Continent, except its close, when he returned to England on the peace with France, and died while on a visit to his brother, in the neighbourhood of Elgin. His writings declared him a man of fine taste, and a finished scholar. To much learning he united a diffidence of character most uncommon.

It is generally admitted, that in his remarks on the works of art in Italy, there are more correct taste, originality of sentiment, and profound knowledge of their auxiliary sciences, than can be found in any writer on the same subject, either ancient or modern. Were it not that our minds are more influenced by the moral sympathies than the abstract dictates of

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draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule."

judgment, it would be difficult to determine which we should most admire, his exquisitely delicate moral sentiment, or his refined and singularly just criticisms on the products of art. To his superior mind every thing extravagant, inconsistent, superfluous, low or irrational, was intolerable; and he was too good a judge of men and things, as well as too independent in sentiment, to follow the vulgar notions of the present age, that because superstition is old it is therefore harmless, or is become less noxious. His pictures, indeed, whether of manners or of the arts, bear internal evidence of being drawn on the spot, and in presence of the subjects which they profess to delineate. Mr. F. often conveys more information in one sentence than Mr. Eustace has done in a whole quarto page; and I have been assured by a gentleman who is well acquainted with Italy and its curiosities, that this verbose Catholic writer is as much inferior to him in topographical accuracy, as he unquestionably is in religion, reason, or morality. It was the in-

tention of the one to conceal his latent design, to smooth away the offending parts, and gild the bitter pill of superstitious immorality; while that of the other was truth, and the vivid representation of things as they are. His success has been complete even in the estimation of those who, being less informed, are of different sentiments. It is only to be regretted that he did not live to enjoy the well-merited and wide-extended fame which his works have justly received.

A few harmless cattle were grazing on the long grass which covered the path of this solemn and desolate scene. They were tended by a mountain girl, drest in the wild attire of her country. The remnant of a blanket thrown over her half naked figure, and her long dark hair, unconfined by any cap, carried by the breeze from her face and shoulders, gave a character to her appearance, not unsuited to the scene.

Adjoining to the priory are the remains of an entire orchard, which supplied the monks with abundance of excellent fruit.

A little clear stream sparkling through the trees, afforded them fish for their table.

Elgin, and the immediate neighbourhood, abounds with beautiful relics of antiquity. Persons of taste will have a rich treat in walking over such classic ground.

There is a new romantic road from Elgin to Craig Ellachie, which leads into the Highlands, extremely beautiful, and worth the notice of those tourists (particularly the pedestrian) who travel for the enjoyment of a rich diversity of scene. The first six miles I admit to be through a tract of very bare country; but on leaving the village of Rothes, which is terminated by the ruin of an old castle, the prospect begins to assume all the soft luxuriance and pastoral beauty for which the province of Moray is justly admired. The noisy and rapid Spey expands itself into a variety of fanciful and meandering forms, through sylvan vallies, gaily fringed with the glowing broom. Sheltered hills crowned the trees to their summits. For the accommodation of travellers, a most elegant iron

bridge has lately been erected over the river, which is overhung by bold precipitous rocks, fantastically covered with white and pink roses. The digitalis, and tufts of purple heath, soften the rude grandeur of these mis-shapen masses, by some appearance of vegetation. Proceeding beyond the sequestered village of Aberlour, into a little silent glade, watered by a babbling stream, and sheltered by the pensile branches of the weeping birch, we spread our simple repast on a carpet of wild thyme. Nothing in nature could be more beautiful than this sylvan spot, on a day when a bright sun gladdened every object. The gentle murmur of the pellucid water at our feet, with the opposite bank covered with the sweet-scented exuberant broom, and ourselves almost embowered in trees of wild roses, was such a novel and delightful scene, that I seemed to be transported on the luxuriant banks of some Italian scene, rather than into the wilds of Scotland.

On the opposite side of the Spey,* a river, grand and picturesque in all its windings, buried amidst the wooded hills of Beneagan, the elegant villa of Arndilly forms a beautiful object. Mr. G—— informed me, vast herds of the red deer and roebucks shelter, during the winter, in his woods, which spread to a considerable extent. During the last year he has planted on Beneagan one million two hundred thousand trees.

A traveller desirous of taking the route from Elgin to Avi-moor, will be delighted with the road along the borders of the Spey, proceeding from Aberlour, the first pass into the Highlands.

Six miles from Elgin, situated on the verge of the sea, is the village of Lossie Mouth, a retired watering-place, frequented during the summer months for the benefit

* "Spey seems to have its name from the Teutonic or Pictish word *Spey*, *Spectum*, because the rapidity of it raiseth foam or froth." SHAW.

of bathing. It has a small but indifferent harbour.

The principal sea-port near Elgin is Broughead. During the period the harbour was building, a Roman wall was discovered, in the shape of a bath, which evidently shews it to have been at one period a Roman station.

Extending along the shore, three miles from Lossie Mouth, is a series of extraordinary excavations, called, the *Caves of Coversea.* Though they are no doubt inferior to the hall of Fingal, yet they merit the attention of the naturalist, who may visit the enchanting province of Moray,* to which I now reluctantly bid adieu.

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* "Moray, or *Moravia,* the name by which the country is called. Hector Bathius writes, that in the first century a colony from Moravia settled in this country, and gave it the name from which it is derived. SHAW.

LETTER XII.

Inverness, July.

THE stages from Elgin to Forres and Nairn, through a pleasant champaign country, bespeaks the most smiling fertility. Near Forres, on the right, I passed a magnificent obelisk, variously ornamented in different divisions, with curious sculptured figures, the character of the devices very extraordinary. The column erected by the gentlemen of Forres to the memory of Lord Nelson, is commemorative of his signal victories, which are inscribed upon it.

Forres derives its name from *Far-nus*, near the water. The river Finhorn flows close to the town, which is approached by a handsome stone bridge. The fortification was situated on an eminence. It was

in this fort King Duffus was said to be murdered, in the year 966. At the period Donald, grand-uncle of Bancho, Thane of Lochaber, was governor, the king came to Forres, to condemn some villains, and would not grant remission for their crimes, which Donald and his wife warmly solicited; upon which they had his majesty strangled, and hid his body beneath the bridge near Kinloss. Donald, conscious of his guilt, fled; but his wife, on being put to the torture, betrayed her husband, who, with his accomplices, were seized and put to death. No traces of the fort, which was razed, are visible.

Forres is a large handsome looking town, and stands in a richly cultivated country.

Nairn had also a royal fort, placed on the banks of the river, not far from the bridge. It is a place of great antiquity, and is mentioned as far back as the year 1008. Nairn, or *Inevernairn*, in Gaelic, is so called, from the alder-trees which surround it.

Taking leave of all the soft charms of rural scenery, I passed over a barren tract of country, bounded by the Moray Firth, with a grand stretch of the dark mountains of Ross and Sutherland, which rise in gigantic heaps on the opposite coast, and were beautifully touched with golden streaks of the setting sun, which brilliantly gleamed on the dark waters of the Firth.

A few miles beyond Nairn, the aspect of the country became desolate in the extreme, wild, gloomy, and naked. Far as the eye could discern, extends the *Haar*, or Hoar-moor, the most interesting classic ground. Here all the magic imagery of Shakespear was before me. The Weird Sisters, with Hecate at their head,

"So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,"

I fancied I beheld, when the guard of the mail-coach pointed out the spot where we are told Macbeth encountered them. A shuddering sensation of horrow mingles with the fancy, while gazing on this pecu-

liar spot, when a frowning sky, casting a melancholy shade on this boundless heath, aided the wild fantasies of the imagination.

I could not but remark, in the present instance, the contrast of character between the Scotch and English, in the ordinary class of society. The coachman and guard were perfectly versed in every part of Macbeth; nor was it in Shakespear alone, but in every tradition which the country afforded. In another spot on the heath, was pointed out to me, some Danish entrenchments; also, the field of Culloden, so fatal to the Scotch in the year 1745. The history of every antique castle and ruin, was related to me by these men, in the most distinct and faithful manner.

The people of this country, accustomed from infancy to live in some of the rudest scenes of nature, and to hear from their cradle the traditionary tales and superstitions for which Scotland is famed, live over again the ages that are past, and imbibe an ardour and enthusiastic attach-

ment, not merely for their simple and pathetic songs, but a sort of veneration for the antiquities of their country, and the valorous achievements of the people to whom they belong.

Culloden Moor rises to the view, changed indeed, from the appearance it had, when it became the field of blood. Plantations of firs shade a portion of that fatal field; but in such parts of it as have since yielded to cultivation, the peasant still turns up with the ploughshare, the bones of the slain, and bullets used in that decisive battle. A native Scot cannot view this ground without melancholy reflections; and never ought to behold it without a prayer dictated by national and humane feeling, that such catastrophes may be henceforth averted from this happy country. There is no pleasure (notwithstanding its beneficial effects to the country) in recollecting a combat, where the courage and fidelity of the suffering side, were such as expiated their unconscious guilt; while the wanton cruelty of the victors, stained and disho-

noured their better cause. The remembrance of these sad times is again powerfully recalled, by the late publication of the Culloden Papers. While they throw a new effulgence round a character always exalted and admirable, they blacken with double gloom, the recollection of the times in which Duncan Forbes lived; and the instruments he was forced, by the perplexities of that unhappy juncture, to use for the best purposes. Patriot, orator, poet, philosopher, and, above all, Christian, as he was, in the highest sense, which those lofty appellations bear, we cannot, without regret, view his noble exertions for the public weal, at this terrible crisis, when we think of what followed. That the short remainder of his life should be embittered by the ingratitude, worse, if possible, than the ingratitude, of those powers whom he had so faithfully served, and most evidently died of a broken heart, after vainly pleading for the mitigation of endless severity, to add one to the illustrious number of whom the poet laments, that,

" After a life of gen'rous toil endur'd ;
The foe subdu'd, and property secur'd,"

is truly to be deplored.

" Good laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,"

He

" Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind."

POPE.

The interest which the Culloden Papers have excited, has led me to thus branch out on the subject connected with them.

I shall now travel back to Campbell Town, a small place situated on Moray Firth, and proceed thence to Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, which I hailed with delight.

Here I found Mr. and Mrs. S———, and their beautiful young daughter, whom I had agreed to join. The meeting in a land of strangers, so far distant from home, was truly grateful to the feelings of each. Miss S———'s elegant accomplishments and highly cultivated mind, renders her

not merely a pleasant, but an interesting companion. United to these graceful endowments, she possesses a purity of heart which gives the finest tones to her disposition. How delightful is it, my dear Miss Porter, to behold all the gaiety and loveliness of youth blended with accomplishments which never fade, and can alone render a female permanently attractive.

LETTER XIII.

Inverness, July.

INVERNESS stands at the foot of a magnificent amphitheatre of hills, so picturesque and diversified in shape, as to form one of the finest natural landscapes it is possible to imagine. The town is bounded on one side by the Moray Firth, which separates the county of Ross from that of Inverness, and the Ness river unites with the sea at one extremity, and at the other, with Loch Ness, rendered very grand in its appearance, by the wild mountainous scenery which rises on all sides.

Inverness is the capital of the Highlands, and considered the only town, north of Aberdeen, of importance. It is large and populous; but the idea I had formed of noble streets, and elegant houses, greatly

disappointed me, on a near approach. Like several of the Scotch towns, which owe all their beauty to situation, the charm is lost on entering, from the old and irregular appearance of many of the houses, to which a handsome one often unites;* and the quantity of fish hung over the doors of the ordinary dwellings, for the purpose of drying, is very disgusting in warm weather. The squalid dirty aspect of the children, take from all the engaging attraction of infancy. Civilization in the lower class seems here to be almost a century behind, as far as regards necessary comfort; this is the more extraordinary, as there is such a striking superiority of refinement, in language, and courtesy of manner, in the

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* "One thing I observed, of almost all the towns that I saw at a distance, which was, that they seemed to be very large, and made a handsome appearance; but when I passed through them, there appeared a meanness; and all the outskirts, which served to increase the extent of them at a distance were nothing but the ruins of small houses."

Letters from the North of Scotland, Anno 1726.

inhabitants of Inverness, which extends to the humblest individual. English is here universally spoken, and in a state of purity and correctness, which renders it perfectly beautiful. It gives a softness to the manners, extremely graceful, which, united with the Highland urbanity of character, at once win upon a stranger.

Dr. Johnson notices, in his Tour, the language of Inverness, which, he says, has long been considered particularly elegant. The Gaelic used, I am told, by all the ordinary people, is very comprehensive and powerful. It seems, to my ear, to have great affinity to the Welch.

The Castle, formerly situated on the east end of Inverness, belonging to the Thanes of Cawdor, was the one, where, according to Shakespear, King Duncan was murdered, by Macbeth;* but on Mal-

* From several records connected with the history of Macbeth, it appears that King Duncan was murdered at Glames Castle, not Inverness. But, according to Lord Hales' Annals, the tragical scene

colm Kenmore succeeding the usurper, he is said to have razed the castle to the ground, and removed the town to the spot where it now stands. A new castle was built on the site of the old town, finally destroyed in the year 1745.

The ruins of the old Castle of Inverness remained till about twelve years ago, when they were entirely removed, by the direction of His Grace, the Duke of Gordon, who is the hereditary keeper.

When Queen Mary came hither with her brother, the Earl of Murray, and suite, with an intention to inhabit the Castle, the Earl of Huntley, ancestor of the Duke of Gordon, and governor of the Castle, gave orders, that if the Earl* accompanied the Queen to the north, the Castle was not to be opened to her Majesty;—and on

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was near Elgin; and he is supposed to be interred in the cathedral.

* The fair, or *bonny* Earl of Murray, as he is commonly called, was supposed to be murdered, on account of a jealousy James the Sixth entertained, of a passion the queen had for him; at least such

their arrival they were refused admittance. This excited such indignation in the inhabitants of Inverness, for the insult offered their sovereign, that a house was erected in an incredibly short space of time, for her reception. The house stands near the bridge, and is at present inhabited.

The handsome stone bridge, built in the year 1688, owes its foundation to a singular circumstance. When Provost Duff filled the civic chair, in passing over the wooden bridge thrown across the Ness, it suddenly gave way, and he was precipited into the river, on one of the planks, which floated him down in safety to Cromwell's Fort, a distance of half a mile. The following day he commenced a subscription for a more substantial bridge, to which the

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was the popular opinion, as appears from an old ballad on the occasion:

"He was a brave gallant,
And he play'd upon the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queene's love."

PENNANT.

gentlemen of Inverness contributed, when the present one was erected.

The church clock is a great curiosity, from its antiquity. It belonged to the cathedral of Ross, before the Reformation. When Cromwell visited the north, his destructive hand demolished the cathedral, palace, and the bishop's residence. He had the materials conveyed to Inverness, to build the Fort, which yet bears his name, though scarce a vestige is now to be seen. The clock was thrown into a vault, where it long remained, till within this last century, when it was taken out, repaired, and fixed in the church.

The citadel, built by Oliver Cromwell, at the mouth of the river Ness, was demolished by Charles the Second, in 1682. It was a pentagon, with bastions, ramparts, and wet ditches, and could lodge men to the number of two thousand, and four hundred horse. On walking over the green mounds of this fortification, the invading hand of that unsparing tyrant, is here, as in various parts of the kingdom, forcibly

recalled to mind; and we have reason to bless the mild and happy government of our own peaceful times. A very extraordinary shaped hill, called *Tom-na-heurich,* or the Hill of the Fairies, rises near Inverness, which has rather the appearance of being artificial, than natural, for it looks like a boat with the keel upwards. The length is four hundred yards, and the breadth one hundred and fifty, at the bottom. It seems in every point to end at the top in a narrow ridge, and is covered with fir-trees. When arriving at the summit of this singular elevation, there is a plain sufficiently wide to draw up two or three battalions of men. The signification of the Gaelic, *Tom-na-heurich,* is, *the Hill of the Fairies,* or under-ground inhabitants, who are supposed to visit it at certain times, to hold their revels. It is superstitiously believed to this day, that various cures are effected upon the sick; and women have been known to commit their children to these nocturnal revellers for four-and-twenty hours, when, if found

alive, after such an exposure, they are supposed to have recovered by their kind influence. Though superstition is wearing fast away, yet ignorant people will not pass Tom-na-heurich at night; for,

"——————— On that verdant hill,
If common fame in aught can be believ'd,
What fairy forms illusive mock the gaze.
In airy rings, alternate lost and seen,
All robed in green, they win, and sportive weave,
The magic dance, to music's melting sound,
Their tiny forms seen by the silent moon."

CRERIE.

Thomas the Rhymer, is supposed by the northern populace to be buried under this hill, from whence he is to arise at a certain period, and prophecy the consumation of all things.

The vitrified forts in the neighbourhood of Craig Phadrie and Knochfarril, are each so ably described by the late Lord Woodhouselee, and Dr. Garnett, I shall refer you to their account in the Appendix; for amongst some of the geologists it is a matter of doubt, whether they are vitrified

or not; but of whatever matter these forts may be composed, they at least are very numerous in the Northern Highlands.

Craig Phadrie, which rises to the sight, a short distance from Tom-na-heurich, was originally a pointed hill, levelled to a certain extent, and the materials thrown to the edge, for the purpose of forming a rude fence in time of war, for the protection of the wives, children, and property of the military. There was in the middle of it a well to supply water. A chain of similar hills, with fortifications, extend from Dingwall to Fort William, which were used as alarm-posts in time of invasion.

Some of the old costumes in dress are still preserved; a cap, called a toy, is yet worn, and which in Catholic times must have been the prevailing dress of the country, as it more resembles a nun's hood than any other head-dress to which I can compare it. The toy is made of coarse linen, in front something resembling a mob, with long lappets, and a kind of tippet

appended to it. The plaid thrown over the head and shoulders I saw worn on Sunday, by a few old women; also the large silver broach, described by Pennant; but our English habit begins now to be substituted amongst the gayer part of the community, for their own national attire, which looks remarkably picturesque and appropriate to the wild scenery of their country. On Sunday, the inhabitants, young and old, high and low, appear dressed, in respect to the day; and it is a most pleasing object to behold all the children, and young women, walking without caps or bonnets, with their hair nicely braided up; some confined with snods, which is composed of a piece of ribbon or coloured worsted, and is put tight round the head. This marks the distinction between the maiden and the wife; for until a woman is married, in this part of Scotland, she never wears a cap. The elderly men use the Scotch bonnet universally, and are always habited in a suit of light blue cloath, which materials are wove at

home. They enwrap themselves in the drapery of the plaid; it looks very graceful, and gives something of the Roman character to their air, which is always stately and erect. Disencumbered in childhood of drapery, the limbs being unfettered, it is rare to see either a lame or ricketty child, or a deformed person. To learn to dance is generally a part of education; and this healthful exercise gives an elasticity to the body, which renders the deportment easy. It is thought that the ladies who appear in the streets of Edinburgh, step with more grace, united to modesty, than any women in Europe.

LETTER XIV.

Achnagairn, July.

A FEW days absence from Inverness has afforded me the opportunity of viewing some of that wild and romantic scenery with which this country abounds.

Entertained in the mansion of Achnagairn, with the cordial kindness of an old friend, I have here found all the urbanity of Highland manners, with an hospitality which there is no resisting; and been shewn a variety of those objects of natural grandeur, to be met with in every part of the Aird. One of the most striking, are the Falls of Kilmorach, a scene little known, and therefore less celebrated than Foyers, yet partaking of the same character of wild magnificence, and deserving the traveller's notice. The name

of every place in this northern region is derived from the Gaelic, which, indeed, is the only language in use amongst the peasantry, very few of whom can speak English, and Scotch is not known here. It is necessary to tell you that Kilmorach implies the *burying-ground of Marion*, in Gaelic, *Morae*, the name of a woman, and the first person who was interred in the burying-ground of Kilmorach. *Kil*, means cell, the cell of Marion; from which circumstance the name has been handed down.

The first Fall, called the Salmon-Leap, is a sort of circular ravine, where

> "The whelming torrents roar,
> Rude rushing down the excavated deep."
>
> CRERIE.

The waters of the Beauley have formed numberless natural cascades, by the impetuous rapidity of pouring in foaming torrents over the stones. In those parts where the water is not agitated, the river is so translucent that it has the appearance of

rock crystal, and before losing its depth, reflects the impending rocks in its clear bosom. It is here the salmon sport in their native beds in myriads, and take such extraordinary leaps, a stander-by cannot be ten minutes on the spot without seeing them wanton far above the river.

A singular story is related of an experiment of the late Mr. Lovat. He laid a wager, that if a fire was lighted on one of the rocks verging on the river, and a pot boiled on it, a salmon, taking a contrary leap, would plunge into the boiler, and be drest, ready for eating, without the aid of a cook. In a short space of time Mr. Fraser Lovat gained his wager.

On these precipitous rocks hang beautiful woods of the elegant weeping birch: their towering heights are often crowned with dark fir-trees. Two water-mills enliven the scene, while the manse (or parsonage), and church, on the brow of the hill, have a very rural appearance. These rocks are infested with eagles. One, for several years, built her nest on the steepest,

and daily conveyed thither prey for her young. A poor cottager, who had a wife and numerous family, was observed by his neighbours to have a constant supply of more substantial fare than falls to the lot of the half-starved highlander; he was seen to feed upon young kids, lambs, and poultry. Convinced that it was impossible to obtain these dainties by honest means, his neighbours informed against him, and the poor man was taken up upon suspicion. On examination, it was found that he had actually climbed this apparently inacessible rock, to daily plunder the eagle's nest for subsistence to his family. Not merely birds, but animals of prey infest this part of the Highlands; innumerable wild cats prowl amongst the mountains.

The road winds from one fall to others more distant, along the steep banks of the Beauley, fringed with the pensile birch, the yellow broom, red and white roses, also the digitalis, all flaunting in beautiful luxuriance, surmounted by dark and barren hills, broken by huge masses of rocks

rising in such fantastic shapes, as to intercept the course of the river, which babbles as it winds along, soft and beautiful, till all at once it rushes, in angry turbulence, foaming with rage through precipitous rocks, whence the whole body of the water is hurried in a surprising manner, between overhanging cliffs of about four yards. From Teinassie, I entered a wild sequestered spot called the *Driem*, or *Dreame*.* Looking down thence upon the river, huge masses of stone stand in pyramidical forms in the water, with branches of trees shooting from their sides, wearing the fanciful appearance of ruinous castles in the bosom of tufted islands. Emerging from this wild and profound solitude, I came to the little busy scene of the Saw Mills,† situated in a deep valley,

* Signifying a ridge of rocks.

† "This mill consists of several parallel saws, driven by four wheels, when the logs of wood floated down the Glass are cut for various purposes. Horses are employed to carry the boards past the falls, from the foot of which they are again floated down the

on the lovely little Isle of Aigash, said to have been the scene of many romantic transactions in the days of chivalry: a spot well suited to adventurers of that nature.

Large beams of wood are floated down the river to the saw mills, which come off the estate chiefly of the Chisholms of Chisholms.

Here the river, apparently exhausted by its brawling and furious course, becomes tranquil, as if happy to repose in the still shade of the luxuriant trees reflected on its glassy bosom. I passed a gloomy wood, believed by the superstitious highlander to be haunted by ghosts and dæmoniac spirits, nor would any of them be prevailed on to pass it after night falls, so greatly do they dread the evil machinations of these unsightly beings. Several Cairns and Druidical circles are to be seen in various parts

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Beauley, to a place at Kirk Hill, called Lovat, where they are shipped for any market that occurs."

ROBERTSON'S INVERNESS.

of the Aird; also a vitrified fort, on a hill opposite Achnagairn.

A whole clan appears to me to occupy to themselves one district. In the Aird, the people are all Frasers; their chief, Simon Fraser, always designated *Lovat*. He is the descendant of Lord Lovat beheaded in 1746. None of the lairds are addressed by their name, but generally by the title of the estate upon which they reside.

In the church-yard at Kirk Hill on every tomb-stone is inscribed the name of Fraser. High and low, rich and poor, belong to that clan; marrying and intermarrying with each other, they mingle their ashes together.

At the east end of the church is the family-vault of the Lovats. In the Appendix you will read the Epitaph on his Lordship, written by his son, which is inscribed on his monument, together with his own, which he formed for himself.

It is related, that on the evening of this Mr. Fraser Lovat's funeral, which was by torch-light (a ceremony never known in

Scotland), the attendants were all intoxicated, and one unfortunate man was so overcome with Bacchus, that on entering the vault, while they were placing the coffin, he fell asleep, and not being observed, he was locked into the vault. Next morning he awoke in a dreadful state of trepidation, almost mad with fear; he roared aloud; but such was the superstition of the people, they actually thought that Lovat was restored to life, and no person would venture towards the vault to afford him assistance. If the plumber had not chanced, at the end of two days, to enter the vault, to do something to the leaden coffin, the poor man would actually have been entombed alive.

Various and amusing are the anecdotes which I have heard of this extraordinary personage. When he was consul at the court of Algiers, he committed one of those mad actions which characterized his life. Green is the royal colour worn amongst the Algerines; but on certain court days, none are allowed to wear it,

except the Dey. On one of these occasions, however, notwithstanding the express intimation to the contrary, Lovat thought proper to appear in green. In consequence, he was obliged immediately to fly, and saved his life from the fury of the Algerines by the merest accident.

His chief hobby was a political one; a sort of military mania. He corresponded with all the ministers of the day, on the threatened invasion. He was so firmly persuaded that he should be the principal object of attack, that he built a light-house near Inverness, in the form of a garrison, where he kept a vessel loaded with arms, for a long period lying in the river, and planted cannon on a part of his property near Fort George.

When once residing at Fraser's (now Bennett's elegant hotel), at Inverness, the following anecdote is a specimen of the vanity said to be attached to his character. He took the fancy about two o'clock in the morning to divert himself by ringing all the bells in the house; and when he heard

the waiter coming he ran to the bell in another room, making so great a noise, none of the inmates of the inn could get any rest. An English traveller happened to be amongst the persons disturbed. On understanding who was the author of the noise, he got out of bed and pursued Lovat. "You scoundrel," said he, "do you not know that my Lord Lovat is in the house?" Quite flattered, by what he considered such a high respect paid to him, he retired, and sent for the traveller in the morning, whom he complimented as being a gentleman, from knowing the respect due to his superiors.

Beaufort Castle, the hereditary estate of the Lovat family, is situated on the banks of the Beauley.

The want of decoration in the churches of Scotland, is very striking to an episcopalian; and the extreme plainness with which they are fitted up, the pews not being painted, often without floors, and the aisles only the bare earth, in the Highland places of worship, I must confess

they want that imposing solemnity which a magnificent structure impresses on the mere spectator, who, while treading the long aisles of an ancient cathedral, is inspired with a sensation of holy awe, that can never be felt in a building which bears in the exterior appearance so little dignity or resemblance to the house of God.

But on witnessing how deeply the simple form of the presbyterian service sinks into the hearts of the auditors, it convinces me how little form and pageantry are requisite to fix the attention of serious Christians, or rouse them to devotion on the solemn occasion for which they are assembled.

On the doors leading to some of the repositories of families of condition, and not unlike in appearance the mausoleums of the ancient Capulets in Romeo and Juliet, I remarked large spots of white paint daubed on them, which had so whimsical an appearance, that I enquired their purport, when I was informed, they were emblematic of *tears* shed for the departed. A tri-

bute of respect, which though singular, is, by these simple and guileless people, a testimony of enthusiastic attachment to their chieftain, which must be ever grateful to the survivor, as a genuine proof of national regard.

LETTER XV.

Alness Manse, Ross-shire, July.

I ADDRESS you, my dear friend, from a wild highland spot, which now assumes quite a different feature of country from Inverness-shire, or the Aird, though at the distance of little more than thirty miles. The extent of dark hills rising from Alness, perfectly rude and uncultured, have, notwithstanding, a very grand effect. I am now at the base of the towering *Bainciavaish*, in English Wevis, still partially covered with snow. The windows of Alness Manse command a fine and extensive view of the Firth of Cromarty, whose undulating waters almost bathe the road. Between the two lofty promontories, called the Sisters, the bay opens with vast magnificence, and the town rests in much beauty at the

foot of these hills, which unite on one side with the parish of Nigg, and on the other blend with the Black Isle. The tract of country bearing this title, carries one back to the Arabian Nights Entertainments, where there is the king of the Black Isles. But in truth, this is the country of romance, of fable, and superstition, though hitherto within my knowledge it has not extended to second sight, only the influence of witchcraft, airy sprights, and not *goblin caves*, but goblin hills. A beautiful mountain nymph inhabits these wilds, whose personal attractions are the theme, not only of the neighbourhood, but has reached the most distant corners of the north. The fair Isabella is the daughter of the inn-keeper at Alness-bridge; celebrated as much for her beauty as the maid of Buttermere, whom I imagine she far surpasses in personal as well as in mental endowments. Travellers come miles out of their way to get a peep at this *bonie lassie*, who so warily eludes the public eye, that, comparatively, few of those

who travel to Alness for the purpose of seeing her, return with their curiosity gratified. Isabella was sent to school at Inverness, where she became so much the public gaze, when she ventured into the streets, that distressed and overwhelmed with confusion from the extreme timidity of her dispositions, she requested to return home, amidst her native mountains. She looks like some etherial being of another sphere.

Isabella's parents have given her all the solid advantages of a Scotch education, which rarely places a young woman in ordinary life above her condition. Superficial accomplishments are less thought of here, than the cultivation of the mind, and an acquaintance with our best authors, which is fixed on the permanent basis of genuine piety, and every moral virtue, not only renders them agreeable members of society, but affords those solid and rational pursuits which ensure a constant occupation to the mind. A stranger to *ennui*, and the dreary vacuum excited by

ignorance, which strengthens every bad passion, in uncultivated minds, vice is almost unknown in the bosom of not only this young woman, but the generality of the girls in Scotland, from the causes which I mentioned. The children of the lowest tradesmen in England are sent to boarding-schools, where they are taught, in a superficial degree, those fashionable accomplishments, which, by placing them above their sphere, render them not merely useless members of that society it is their lot to move in, but unhappy beings perhaps for the remainder of their days, by leading them into those unequal connections to which the injudicious parent has exposed them, from a mistaken zeal in rendering them *accomplished young ladies.*

Bishop's M——'s amiable and engaging daughters have accompanied me into Ross-shire; and in the Manse at Alness, I last night saw Isabella. Her beauty is not of the rustic character, but with a complexion fair as the lily: the rose seeks companionship, and her eyes, dark and

melting, give a radiance to her countenance most uncommon. I never saw but one person that can, in any degree, be compared to her: that person more than rivalled her. Isabella, like all the people in this district, as well as Inverness-shire, speaks English in the greatest purity, divested of all provincial accent, or disagreeable tone. Indeed, the tone of the voice is usually soft and melodious.

I have been induced to engross so much of this letter with the fair Isabella, being the general theme of conversation and curiosity in this part of Scotland; for you cannot have any idea how widely the fame of her beauty has extended: a subject of infinite anxiety and apprehension to her parents, from the unfortunate publicity of their situation.

In travelling thither I passed through some interesting places. Beauley was the first of importance, a village prettily situated on the banks of the river Beauley, containing the remains of a priory, a remnant of antiquity, possessing now little more

than the bare walls, of what had been the chapel. There is in one of the niches a stone monument, containing the body of Mac Mhurich Riveh n'en Corcak, supposed to have been a follower of the Seaforth family, and who bore a conspicuous part in the feuds of his time. The stones on the moor of Gilchrist are thought to have been the limits of this priory; but every tradition concerning it is so involved in obscurity, that it has been impossible to obtain any accurate account of its history, except, being founded by a gentleman of the name of Bisset, in the year 1230, and, like Pluscardine, was of the order of St. Bennet. Beauley is now the property of Fraser of Lovat.

Proceeding from Beauley, the country gradually opens with infinite beauty all the way to Dingwall, in sight of the lofty Wyvis. The situation of Dingwall, a small town, encircled by green hills, partially wooded, is very lovely. An Irish bishop, who had been in the Holy Land, observed, that there was a striking resemblance between

the scenery on this spot, and that about Jerusalem. The river Conan, a little stream which flows through the valley, is navigable; but a canal is now cutting, to enable trading vessels to anchor close to the town, as the distance to the Firth of Cromarty sometimes rendered it inconvenient for ships to load. *Dingwall*, or *Dingnavol*, the capital of Ross-shire, took its origin from the richness and fertility of the country, which looks gay and smiling in soft luxuriance, and almost led me to fancy myself in England. But the town is mean, and some of the houses wretched; those of the cottagers quite of the Glenburnie description. An obelisk, which stands not far from the church, is so conspicuously situated on an artificial mount; that it was the first object which engaged our attention.

The form is pyramidal, and it rises above fifty feet in height. It was erected by the Earl of Cromarty, Secretary of State in Scotland, during the reign of Queen Anne, for the burial-place of his family. There is scarcely a vestige of what was formerly

the castle remaining, and which was at one period the residence of the Earls of Ross.

A sulphureous spring, in Strath Peffer, not far from Dingwall, considered very efficacious in rheumatic and scorbutic disorders, is much resorted to in summer. The situation of this spring is in the bosom of mountains, rude and gigantic, heaped as it were one above another, in the most unequal forms, possessing an air of remote solitude and wildness, that is almost frightful. When seen one hour, blackened by dark clouds, floating over their tops, but perhaps the next illumined by a bright sea, they were magnificent beyond description.

The hill of Knoch Farrel has a ruin on the top of considerable extent. The stones are of a vitrified substance, but naturalists are divided in opinion, how they have been produced. Tradition says, that Fingal made this castle his residence at one period.

The promontories which stand opposite to each other, called the Suthers, are supposed to derive their name from two lovers

who were inhabitants of these elevations, but what was their history I could not learn.

In the parish of Nigg, another promontory, which hangs over the bay of Cromarty, is a stone seven feet in height, and two and a half in breadth, covered with curious figures, which no person has been able to decypher.

This rude monument is supposed to have been sent by a king of Denmark, to commemorate the death of three sons, who came to attack this part of Scotland, and were lost in the ridge of rocks extending about a mile from the north of Cromarty, which ridge goes by the name of *The Three King's Sons.*

I was induced to go a few miles out of the regular tract of road, to look at Braan Castle, the principal seat of the Earls of Seaforth, and considered a place of some importance in Ross-shire. I was very ill rewarded for my trouble, as I expected to see a castle possessing somewhat of the magnificence of many of our noble edifices

in England, from the consequence the title carried with it; instead of which, I beheld a heavy pile of buildings, neither modern nor antique, extremely gloomy, without the imposing air of *gloomy grandeur*, which often characterize ancient fabrics.—The house is much out of repair, and the park and pleasure-grounds so entirely neglected, as to give this domain altogether a most desolate and melancholy aspect. Nature has decorated the adjacent country with much beauty and magnificence, and the views, in various points, are extremely fine.

While the horses rested at a place in Scotland called the *Tillyvaugh*, something like our hedge-alehouses, only neither the neatness and comfort of these inferior little inns, I went over the interior of Braan Castle.

The apartments are indifferently furnished, and are wholly divested of grandeur in their architectural forms, being, except the great hall, very ordinary rooms.

The most interesting picture here ex-

hibited, a full-length portrait of Mary Queen of Scotts, was unfortunately sent to Edinburgh to be cleaned. I much regretted not seeing it, as it is considered, the one at Cheswick-house excepted, the finest resemblance there is of her, and amongst the few originals remaining.

In one of the chambers, an ancient bed of heavy laborious needle-work is shewn, as done by this unfortunate queen.

The large clumsy chimney-piece in the gallery, with the Seaforth arms carved upon it, is a specimen of the sculpture of ancient times.

A faithful copy of King John's Magna Charta, in the old black letter, taken from the original, with the various arms of the twenty-four barons, who decided the dispute between the king and his subjects, is the most interesting piece which I saw here.

The few old portraits hung in the apartments and gallery, I could learn no account of, from the housekeeper, nor was there any catalogue containing their names. The only distinguished one was that of the

late Earl of Seaforth, drest in the highland costume. This was an excellent portrait.

The traveller will scarcely find his labour repaid, in going five miles over execrable roads to visit Braan Castle.

You can imagine nothing half so beautiful as the summer evenings in Scotland. The dark curtain of night is scarcely spread in this northern hemisphere, before

> ——— "Jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top."

The firmament retains a glow of light, often brilliantly heightened by the *aurora borealis*, here called, the merry dancers, which has a grand effect; and, when the softer shades of evening prevail, and throw into partial gloom the sleeping landscape, it is even at midnight, during the months of May, June, and July, only like our evening twilight, when every object is indistinctly visible. The grandeur of the mountains, the pellucid tranquillity of the rivers, and the deep gloom of the dark fir

woods, altogether form a scene no person who has not beheld it, can picture.*

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* The day is said to be 18 hours long in the Orkneys, the sun remaining so long above the horizon; and when he is set, he makes so small an arch of a circle below the horizon, that it is much above a twilight all the summer.

The ancient mariners, who knew nothing of the heavenly bodies, when they were driven thus far, were surprised to find they had lost the steady rotation of day and night, which they thought had spread over the whole globe. They imagined the Elysian Fields must lie this way, when they found they were come already to the realms of everlasting day.

Tour through Great Britain, in 1736.

LETTER XVI.

Achnagairn, July.

AFTER a fatiguing excursion into Ross-shire, amid torrents of rain, to find myself once more at lovely Achnagairn, is refreshing both to the body and spirits. It is agreeable to experience repose in a mansion which partakes of English elegance, and a degree of urbanity, not merely the effect of good-breeding, but resulting from that pure benevolence of heart, which is the characteristic of every individual of this charming family.

I have invariably found the warm-hearted highlanders possessed of a winning hospitality, peculiar to themselves. Accustomed to be perpetually broken in upon by strangers during the summer months, (which in no part of England would be tolerated,)

they literally keep open house, and no sooner do the unexpected visitors appear on the threshold, than they are met by the kind host and hostess with an extended hand of welcome, (instead of one of our frigid ceremonious courtesies,) and hospitably invited within, to partake of such fare as their table affords, spread with that genuine benevolence, which dismisses the painful idea of being considered an intruder.

The table of the highlander (I speak not of families of the first condition) is always covered with the excellent produce of the country. Salmon, or trout, barley-broth, mutton fed from their *hether* mountains, and poultry from the barn-door.

During this late excursion, I partook of a truly highland breakfast, and for the first time saw the whiskey-bottle presented ere the meal before us was spread. Tea and coffee, the wheaten loaf, oat-cakes, marmalade, honey, and other sweetmeats, cold salmon, a dried fish, called spelding, cold chicken, ham, and eggs.—It was quite a repast of luxuries. Our meal of only

tea and toast, would, I am afraid, look very spare to the hospitable highlander.

On my way hither from Alness, I had the opportunity of visiting several highland villas, all romantic in situation, nor devoid of elegance in the adornment within. The exterior of every place I have seen, has been profusely decorated by the beautiful hand of Nature; but I must be excused in saying, that, with a few exceptions, the want of neatness is greatly missed in the pleasure-grounds and gardens; and even the approach to some of the grandest mansions want a degree of nicety, which, perhaps, the highlander may think inconsistent with the wild character of the scenery amidst which he lives. With *us*, *comfort*, in every shape, even in the most trivial point, is absolutely necessary to our happiness. We cannot forego it without peevishness and discontent, for luxuries now make up by far too large a portion of the *requisites* of life, in stations where formerly scarcely any thing like indulgence was known. The Scotch, on the contrary,

have fewer wants. The rude and romantic scenery of their native hills, the refreshing beauty of their pellucid rivers, render the decoration of Nature so varied, yet exuberant, that every thing else may appear an unnecessary superfluity; and often when trees are planted, it is rather to prove a shelter from the mountain-blast, than an embellishment to their domain.

It is almost unnecessary, my dear Miss Porter, to inform you, that the inhabitants of the high and low countries are a distinct race of people. The highlanders, who were aborigines of the country, held out long and bravely, in the first place, against the Romans, and next, against the Saxons, who, retiring before the Danish invaders, after seven struggles, established themselves in the southern counties of Scotland. The brave remnants of unconquered Celtics took shelter in the mountains, choosing to submit to any extremity rather than live a vanquished people, under their invaders. A mortal hatred took place between the intruders of the plain,

and the ancient inhabitants, which was perpetuated through many ages of embittered hostility. The highlanders considered, what we look upon as the common conveniences of life, as luxuries, unsuited to their climate and habits. And these brave and hardy people, with lofty pretensions to heroism and genius, were ridiculed by their southern neighbours, to whom their language, and the high-toned sentiment of their poetry and legends, were alike unintelligible. Time and events have softened their mutual dislike, and the highlanders are beginning to acquire the language and arts of the south, some think, to the diminution of their peculiar and energetic national character; but, at the same time, these changes have better qualified them for assimilating with their more cultivated neighbours, and by constant intercourse, and intermarrying with those of the low countries, the original striking dissimilarity in personal appearance is considerably done away. Still to the observing enquirer, the national distinction is

strikingly perceptible. No doubt you are aware, that in the people of Scotland is blended a mixed resemblance to those of the continental countries, with whom they have at various times been intimately connected. Their sovereigns were many of them married to French, Italian, and Flemish princesses. The followers and attendants of these distinguished persons, must, at one time, have formed no inconsiderable a portion of the better classes of Scotland. Even in those remote times, when the general state of the nation was in a high degree uncivilized, the magnificence of its courts, from the circumstances abovementioned, formed a striking contrast to the poverty and uncultured appearance of the nation at large. From your knowledge of physiognomy, and acquaintance with Scotland, you must have remarked, that the broad forehead, square visage, high cheek-bones, and the general prevalence of gray eyes, with a visage acute and sagacious, but grave and thoughtful in expression, is the real highland face. Those of

the low countries wear more of the feature and expression of the countenances already alluded to. In the higher walks of life, and in the families of their chieftains, the fair and delicate beauty is still pre-eminent, as well as the soft and melting blue eye, the golden hair, and pensive expression which you meet with in Ossian's descriptions.

There is, as I before remarked, a native indolence in the highlander, which appears inconsistent with that activity displayed, when occasion arises to call it forth. Vigorous in constitution as in mind, when once he is roused, like a lion, he awakens, and by the bold intrepidity of his conduct, pre-eminently distinguishes himself as springing from the bravest race of men. The highlanders have discovered a humanity and generosity of spirit well known, and worthy of being recorded in some of our late memorable battles. Bold when roused, but gentle and tender-hearted when domesticated, it has been seen before the glorious battle of Waterloo, that the highland sol-

diers became one and the same family with the people with whom they lodged at Brussels, and were followed by their tears, lamentations, and blessings, to that field, where such numbers were fated never to return to their families and home, and whose dearly purchased laurels were steeped in that blood so bravely shed.

Out of many of the wretched hovels into which I looked, have sprung many a brave soldier, whose couch was composed only of a straw pallet, and whose hard fare consisted of nothing beyond oat-bread, and *kale*, with a garment little more than a bare covering. I went into several of the huts, scarcely fit for a human habitation. They are often built without windows or chimnies, a cavity in the wall admitting the light, out of which issues abundance of smoke, and a hole in the roof supplies the want of a chimney. In the middle of an earthen floor, is a peat fire, around which often hovers a group of almost naked children. A sort of press in the wall contains the bed, which seldom has any other cover-

ing than a blanket, and is usually that of straw. These wretched dwellings look at a distance like heaps of mole-hills. Such, even in these days, is the rude state of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, where attainable comfort is not even thought of, nor is missed by the weather-beaten cottager; and his *guid* wife and bairns sleep as sweetly in these rude dwellings as the English labourer in his curtained bed. It would, indeed, be difficult to inspire the inhabitants of these cottages with an idea that they are less happy for wanting the advantages in point of lodging, of more luxurious countries. They will tell you that they miss none of those things which to us appear so necessary; and that, far from envying, they rather pity us, while they perceive our happiness depends on so many extraneous things, which they either do not know, or knowing, despise, as the instruments of unfeeling luxury, calculated to contract the mind, by confining the attention to petty wants, and petty cares, before the face of which, enthusiasm wi-

thers, and independence melts away. The highland peasantry are satisfied with the magnificence of nature: the tale, the song, the warm-hearted and ardent imagination, and cannot be persuaded, that petty comforts are not adverse to the heroic virtues, and the strong ties of affection, before which, all selfish considerations vanish.

While they continue to think thus, we shall always find scholars, soldiers, and a hardy race of adventurers, proceeding from these huts, prepared to encounter hardships and privations, in their darkest forms.

In Strathglass, a district above the Aird, where the lands are pastoral, during the summer months, the peasantry wander from place to place with their flocks and herds, taking their families and goods along with them, like the ancient patriarchs of old. The *shieldings* they dwell in, are composed merely of wicker-work; and they repose on beds of *hether*, feeding their cattle, for certain periods, on the pastures adjacent to these rude habitations, removing with their utensils and small por-

tion of furniture, carried in panniers, in which their children either travel, or are borne on their backs. Thus they wander from mountain to mountain, during the summer, in a mode of life somewhat resembling the tribes of gypsies in England.

LETTER XVII.

Fort Augustus, August.

EXQUISITELY as your imagination can paint the loveliest scenes of nature, even your creative fancy cannot picture any thing half so beautiful, so wild, and yet so awfully sublime, as the scenery on the borders of Lochness, in travelling to the British Niagara, the Fall of Foyers. Woods never appeared to me so verdant, or waters so clear, as those which met my view along this road, as glimpses of the translucent, or rushing mountain-streams, casually appeared through shades of tremulous birch, or mountain-ash, rich in its scarlet fruit, or the more sober verdure of the alder, or the hazel, mingling with luxuriant bowers of blooming roses.

In wandering from one enchanting scene to another, it is impossible to do justice to

the rich and surprising variety which the north highlands afford, uniting more of the wonderful, the magnificent, and the beautiful, than I ever beheld till now. Nature is continually putting on a new attire, and, like a gay coquette, smiles and frowns alternately.

The General's Hut, so called from having given shelter to Marshal Wade, when about the great work of making this wild district accessible, by the military road, is a small inn, which affords rest for the traveller, and his horses. It stands on a steep elevation, looking down on the magnificent lake, and is protected at the back, by apparently inaccessible mountains, fringed with a variety of trees.

The abode of the proprietor, Mr. F. of Foyers, amidst these enchanting scenes, had much attraction; and I had every reason to be assured, I should there have received a cordial welcome, well aware that the family is such, as it would be a pleasure to know. My hurried engagements and anxiety to reach Fort Augustus, before

night-fall, prevented me from availing myself of the introduction which I had to that pleasant mansion.

I requested the landlord of the inn to conduct me to Foyers; but he had previously introduced himself, *sans ceremonie*, to me, and, entering the rude apartment, where my companion and myself were taking refreshment, seated himself uninvited at the table,* and began asking several questions, such as, whence I came? whither I was going? how long I had been in Scotland? &c.: questions, which, in England, would be deemed great impertinence; but the naturally inquisitive character of the Scotch (which indeed is prevalent in all ranks), led me to promptly reply to this honest, and courteous highlander, whose familiar acquaintance with all

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* "My landlord comes into the room uninvited; and though he never saw you before, sits himself down, and enters into conversation with you, and is so sociable as to drink with you."

Letters from the North of Scotland in the year 1726.

the surrounding scenery, and extreme care and attention, while conducting me over the perilous rocks which enbosom Foyers, were not merely acceptable, but graciously *remembered.*

A turn of the road conducted me to the fall. The sublime, yet perfect sensation excited, when the tremendous thunder of the water bursts on the ear, is only surpassed, when it becomes visible; yet it is more wonderful than magnificent; growing upon the sight, the longer it is beheld, having its gloom and ruggedness softened, by accompaniments of sylvan beauty unequalled in their way. Such weeping birches I never beheld for size and pensile grace; being constantly kept fresh by the thick mists which rise like a cloud from the precipitating waters, their odours resemble those which a transient soft shower, or hoary dew, produces from the same tree in other situations. In sunny weather, beautiful, and ever-varying rainbows, cast their glowing tints across the gloom, through which the eye follows the

deep descending cataract. The quantity of water is immense; and the height of the fall, in one continued stream, according to Dr. Garnett's account, is 207 feet. This produces a grand effect; but the narrow outlet of the river, at the place where it seems to have burst its way through the rocks, diminishes the grandeur that so much water, poured from such a vast height, might be expected to produce. From below, the fall appears to more advantage, as the different forms it assumes, in descending the long steep, are seen at once; and the shades, that, stretching from each side, meet over the water, when escaping from the basin in which it foams below, give a solemnity to its further progress. After leaving its rocky barrier, the Feoghlin (for that is the Gaelic name) it assumes a new character, and glides a gentle, full, and smooth stream, through green and tranquil meadows, till it mingles with the lake beneath.

I forsook these sylvan scenes, to enter on a dreary and wild ascent to the top of

a mountain, whence, on the land-side, the only views were a stretch of dreary moors, with little variation, except from a narrow green, but woodless glen, which sinks to a considerable depth, parallel with the mountain on the right hand on going up. This is called Glen Eion, or the Glen of Birds, which, it would appear, have sheltered there from the surrounding bleakness.

On the top of this mountain, which is called *Suie Chiuman*, or the seat of Cummings, there are the remains of a cairn, raised to commemorate the death of a hero of that name, who was once all-powerful in the North. He, it seems, inhabited the Castle of Inverlochy, near Fort William; and having returned from a battle, in which the Scots were victorious over the Danes, which was fought near Forres, on this account the cairn was erected. He travelled thus far, mortally wounded; but on the top of the mountain desired to rest, and then expired. His followers buried him at Fort Augustus, called by the coun-

try-people. *Kill Chiuman*, the tomb of Cumming, to this day.

Many conquerors have disturbed, dazzled, and oppressed mankind, without leaving behind them so lasting a memorial; but in the Highlands every thing speaks of the mighty deed. Every hero found a poet, and every mountain glen, or cairn, which derives interest from some tale of other times, connected with it. Descending gradually the west side of Suie Chiuman, beautiful Glendoe, with all its pure streams, waving woods, hazle copses, and opening glades, refreshes the sight, and seems to invite the weary rambler to repose in its sweet seclusion; while, towards the lake, the little hamlet and wood, surrounded by corn-fields, hang over the depth, like fanciful terraces.

I should have mentioned a small lake, very picturesque, with shrubby shores, and wooded islets, which is met with, where no lake is expected, on the side of the mountain, high raised above its majes-

tic neighbour, Loch Ness. I am told that this lake abounds in char, and is much frequented by the military in the neighbouring fort on that account.

LETTER XVIII.

Fort Augustus, August.

EMERGING from the pensile bowers of Glendoe, Fort Augustus, lying low on the brink of the lake, cheers the sight with its attendant village hanging over the river Oich. After so long a journey, chiefly over a barren and solitary waste, the sight of human habitations, and something like civilized life, is most grateful to the eye. Fort Augustus, however, needs not the aid of contrast, to recommend it. It is a pretty little lively looking garrison, with its ditches, glacis, &c. giving a miniature representation of a regular fortress. I can scarcely express the impression which the first view excited when descending a tremendous hill, it was presented, possessing such an air of picturesque singu-

larity, in so insular a situation, and characterized by something like importance, though scarcely bigger than some of our villages. It stands on a small triangular plain, the apex of which projects into the Loch, and the base is formed by a gentle height, on which the village stands, The two sides of this picturesque little spot, are divided from the neighbouring grounds by the rivers Tarfe and Oich, each of which pours into the Lake, in the immediate vicinity of the Fort. The Tarfe issues from the bosom of the mighty Corryarich, which forms an apparently impassable barrier to the south; and descending through the narrow wooded, and highly romantic Glentarfe, wanders by a singularly woody amphitheatre, through a calm green valley to lose itself in the Lake.

The Oich, of a different character, descends from Loch Oich, forming a fine appendage to Invergary, and after running through the quiet grove of Coultrie, surrounds, below the village, a most enchanting little islet; and making music amongst

the gravel, in that shallow circlet, passes under a respectable stone bridge; and when parallel to its neighbour, Tarfe, it mingles with the Lake.

Days might be pleasantly spent in exploring the sequestered glens, the grottos, and hanging grounds, alternately covered with woods and cultivation, which either retire in shades, or meet the eye in this favoured spot. On every side is found some object to dwell on with pleasure; but the matchless view of the Lake, whether it lies in quiet beauty, reflecting its lofty and varying banks, or whether in the agitation of a storm, it exhibits a degree of turbulence, more resembling a troubled sea, than an inland lake, in every aspect, it is one of the noblest objects I have ever beheld. On a little peninsula, near the discharge of the Oich into Loch Ness, there is a beautiful view of the Loch, from the windows of a house, once surrounded by gardens, and embosomed in a circle of lofty trees, of which some yet remain. The situation is peculiarly pleasant and pic-

turesque. In this place, then occupied by one of the garrison staff, once dwelt an inhabitant fully awake to all its sublime and tranquil charms;* who knew no higher pleasure than to gaze, in a still bright summer evening, on the clear bosom of the Lake, and listen to the melodious blackbird, whose deep and mellow notes rose in emulative strife from the opposite groves of Glendoe and Inchardorch. Perhaps the scenery was the more soothing to my imagination, from knowing the delight which it had afforded her, at that age, when all nature wears, to its lovers' eyes, a look "of joy;" and she was indeed a true lover of nature.

Fort Augustus is said to derive its name from Frederic Augustus, Prince of Wales. The two sides were built in 1730, and destroyed by the rebels in 1746, but have since been rebuilt. One of the centinels

* The inhabitant to whom I allude, was my much respected friend, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the accomplished author of the ingenious and original "*Letters from the Mountains.*"

on guard informed me, the garrison contained 400 men; but the number stationary at present does not exceed thirty.

The governor's handsome house, the bastion, the rampart, the moat (now filled up), the drawbridge, with the soldiers pacing to and fro, drest in the full highland uniform, and whose grand military air is in character with the savage magnificence of the dark and frowning mountains, which in distance appear to touch the clouds, contrasted with all the sylvan beauties which repose in the bosom of these hills, resembled some of those places described in romance, and struck me with awe, as I surveyed the novel objects around me.

Looking down from the glacis of Fort Augustus, the eye commands the whole length of the Lake, twenty-four miles. On the south side, bordered by lofty and precipitous rocks, as far as the eye reaches, without any interruption except the hanging gardens of Glendoe, to which I formerly adverted. On the north, a softer and more varied prospect, forms a happy

contrast to the rude grandeur of Suie Chuiman, and the dark heights of Stratherick. Verdant bays retire from the view, wooded heights gently rising, and peopled glens of the most pastoral description, intervene; each divided by its blue narrow stream, pouring in, to augment the abundance of the Lake. This last, in calm weather, holds a most beautiful and clear mirror to its lofty and varied borders. In wintry storms its agitations "*Resemble Ocean into tempest wrought.*" The eddying winds, which meet with inconceivable fury down the narrow opening in the hills, make navigation dangerous, from their violence and uncertainty. The east wind, which sometimes prevails in winter, for more than a month, raises tremendous waves, yet it is not so dangerous as the impetuous blasts, which descend from the apertures between the mountains. This naturally leads me to speak of that great national work, the Caledonian Canal, now drawing to a completion, and is to form a connection between the Atlantic and the German Ocean,

by Loch Linnhe on the west, and the Moray Firth on the east coast, for large ships drawing twenty feet water, and for avoiding the northern passage, by the Orkneys, or through the Pentland Firth. It has a south-west direction of about sixty miles, in Inverness and Argyle-shire. I could not but contemplate the success of this Grand Canal with some interest, on beholding it at Fort Augustus, from the objection the country-people make to its utility, owing to the tempests on Loch Ness, which may render navigation not merely difficult, but dangerous in winter; especially as, from one end to the other, there is not, nor can be found, a safe anchoring-place. Even should this circumstance diminish its beneficial effects, much will still remain; and there is something very grand in the idea of a national work, by which opposite seas may be linked together by a watry chain, which at the same time forms a comparatively safe path for navigation, which cannot be contemplated without a complacent expression of mind.

The depth of Loch Ness is said to be, in some places, 500 fathom. Professor Tulloch of Aberdeen, told me, he could speak with certainty to the depth of 130 fathom, being present when it was measured.

It is curious to observe the seals in the river Ness, and their boldness in often appearing close to the town, in pursuit of the salmon. Often during the summer evening, in our drives along the borders of the river, we have seen numbers of them swimming along, with their frightful heads above the water.

LETTER XIX.

Glenmoriston, August.

PROCEEDING through the woods of Port Clare, near which the bay of Inchnacardoch retires back from the lake, are seen the remains of the Cherry Isle, now nearly swallowed by the surrounding waters, from which it appears like a small woody tuft; so diminitive is it become, that it could not arrest attention in any place, but it is remarkable, as this is the only Caledonian lake I know, that is without its islands. These same islands were so necessary during the petty wars between the neighbouring clans, that when one was not found, it was made. Lovat, to whom the district of Abertarfe belonged, was often engaged in wars with the neighbouring Macdonalds, headed by

Gengary. This isle was formed with no small labour, of piles of wood, driven into the ground, and great stones, afterwards covered with earth, and a castle of no common strength built upon it, where the ladies, and whatever was most valuable belonging to families, were lodged, during the absence of the chieftain, when engaged in his wars. These islands have gained in picturesque interest what they have lost in importance, since they have ceased to be the sites of castles, or the sanctuary of the fair, in the temporary absence of the brave. There is no lake but this without its island, and no island without its castle, its place of worship, convent, or burial-place. Those islands, indeed, are the only places where people of old used to plant trees, which they probably did to shelter the buildings erected on them, from the cold blasts of the lake. The ruins and trees, connected in fancy with the legends that belong to them, give an air of

solemnity, and in some instances, of sanctity, to those retreats.

There is a curious manuscript, either in the Norse tongue, or a literal translation from it, in the University of Glasgow, written, it is supposed, by the chieftain of Haco, King of Norway. This invader, after an incursion, during which he ravaged and plundered the west Highlands, was defeated at the battle of Larges, in Ayrshire, and died of a broken heart at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. His chaplain's chronicle states, that he destroyed three hundred churches, convents, and villages in the island of Loch Lomond. After making allowance for the exaggerations of a boasting and irritated foe, there is reason to believe, that these islands were thickly inhabited, and not only larger, but were more numerous than they are at present, being yearly raised in height, by the quantity of earth and stones carried down by the mountain torrents. In clear weather, some of the buildings and remains of pave-

ments are seen in the bottom of the lake; indications of the mighty change which time and torrents have produced.

In Argyleshire, opposite to Appin, is a fertile and beautiful island, called, Lismere, or the Great Garden. It is not a mile broad, nor above three in length, yet in it, are nine considerable ruins of castles and convents.

Along a new road, that leads through hitherto unexplored woods and glens, on the north side of the lake, I passed through a most romantic group of broken rocks, by Inchnacardoch, where on the side, on an eminence, and sheltered by a grove of birch, is a small house, finely situated, and occasionally inhabited by Lovat, the chief of the Frasers, when he visits his estate of Abertarfe. Under this appellation, is comprehended the stretch of country round Fort Augustus, till it joins the Glengary estate, a few miles to the west. Passing under Inchnacardoch, the view becomes very singular and interesting. The bay previously mentioned, forms a ba-

sin, in which the little Cherry Isle seems to float. On the land side, as you approach, the house of Inchnacardoch is seen above, with gently rising hills, plains, and cultivated to the top, but having broken and rocky sides: from these three sister-brooks, or *burns*, to use the country language, descend. They are nearly parallel with each other, and, like other mountain streams, are very picturesque, with little cascades and shrubby borders.

In the middle one is concealed a recess, with which scarce any of the people in the neighbourhood are acquainted. The stream in its descent seems to be lost between two rocky projections, near the steep height above; and after being for a space invisible, it appears a considerable way below.

If any curious traveller has the hardiness to clamber up to the place where the stream quits its concealment, and then to dive down through the clefts, from which it issues, he will be rewarded by the sight of a grotto, which, if he be at all classical, or even fanciful, will remind him strongly

of the cave in Ithaca, which Homer describes as the secret haunt of the nymphs, and where Ulysses hid his treasure. In passing even very near it, the wanderer is not aware of this concealed beauty, until descending into the recess, you meet with a prodigious square stone, in the shape of a table, which seems to have been detached from above, and almost blocks up the entrance. Passing the stone, a round basin of exquisite beauty, bordered with apparent seats, over which spring the most luxuriant flowers and herbage, receive the falling waters, after they have, in the secrecy of the impending rocks, formed themselves into three small cascades above. In this recess the wind never blows, nor does any thing noxious enter. There is space enough, admitted from above, to give abundance of light, and to cheer the wild hyacinths and primroses, which grow in rich profusion around, where sheltering warmth, and the perpetual freshness of the water-falls, cherish unfading verdure and undecaying beauty in this romantic recess,

which nature seems to have hid from vulgar eyes, and kept sacred for her contemplative votaries, who worship her in secret haunts. Long streamers of ivy and honeysuckle, fragrant with the moisture of the spray, hang pendant from the lofty openings, over this grotto, which cannot be properly called a cave, having a partial aperture above, and abounding in vegetation.

Two young ladies, who were, or thought themselves discoverers of this beautiful retreat, about thirty years since, took great pleasure in frequenting it, giving it the name of the *Penseroso Grotto.* Since then, I believe few intruders have disturbed the water-nymph in her sheltered retreat.

Proceeding through the wood of Portclare, I reached the narrow glen of Ducatay, which, unimportant as it may seem, possesses, like more places here, its history. It belongs to the Laird of Glenmoriston, and gives him, what he does not derive from his own exclusive estate, a vote in the county. It is natural to enquire whence he derives this privilege, and *why* does he

prefer this narrow glen, in the midst of Lovat's lands? The answer is, that long since, in the early feudal times, the young chief of Lovat and Glenmoriston were hunting together, and trode this narrow glen in pursuit of deer. Every reader of the ancient poetry of this country is aware of the very great importance which is attached to the *Conial*, in which the hunter led the large deer-greyhound, till he saw fit to let him loose on his prey. In latter times, there was an ornament useful in fastening the belted plaid over the shoulder, which attained still greater consequence in a Highland gentleman's equipment. This was a silver pin, or fibula, which was unusually large, and adorned with carvings; and if the names of the fabulous kings, (who were supposed to have done homage to the infant Saviour,) viz. Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar, were carved on the fibula, it was invaluable. Those revered names were charms, defending the wearer from every danger, and even from sickness. Glenmoriston happened to have on one

of these revered ornaments, while accompanying his friend in the chase. Lovat's dog bursting forward, broke the leash, in which he was held by his master. Upon the interruptions in the eagerness of pursuit, he implored Glenmoriston to lend him the silver pin to fasten his dog's leash. The young laird peevishly answered, 'That he would do no such thing, nor risk a valuable inherited relique on such a trifling occasion, for that it would certainly be lost." Lovat thought otherwise, and was so sure, that he would fasten the pin in such a manner, that it could not be lost. He offered him, in case it was lost, to give him the Glen Decatay, in which they were then hunting, without homage or acknowledgment. The pin was lost, and Glenmoriston claimed and obtained the Glen, which gave him a vote in the shire.

LETTER XX.

Glenmoriston, August.

AFTER travelling the pleasant road, which afforded the interesting scenes above described, on crossing the river Moriston over a newly-erected stone bridge, of two arches, I reached the mansion-house of Glenmoriston,* most beautifully situated above the place where the full clear stream of the Moriston mingles with the lake. Invermoriston, means the confluence or

* * "Glenmoriston itself, signifying *the great valley of the deep cascade,* opens upon the lake between fronts of two lofty clefts, running up in gloomy grandeur. The one is called, Craig Kinnan, the *Giant's Rock.* The other, a sable peak, projecting over the lake, is denominated, Struan Muich, the *Promontory of the Bear.*" SHAW.

discharge of the river. *Inver*, on all occasions, conveys this meaning, when added to the name of a river. This opening between the two sheltering mountains, is warm, sunny, and flowery, and, in many places, shady; defended from both east and west, the only winds met with here, excepting mountain gusts, which rarely occur. The Loch lies in fair prospect before. Hills partially wooded, rise on each side. The glen opens behind, so as to permit the eye to follow far into its deep recesses. The whole air of the place, calm and sequestered, is yet open and cheerful. Every surrounding object seems adapted to heighten the placid beauty of the pure scenes. On entering the abode of the proprietor, every thing is consistent with the expectation created from the sweet scenery without.

And now, my dear friend, if it were not inconsistent with the delicacy that modest worth demands, from lively gratitude, I would fain indulge myself, by expressing to you, all the feelings excited by the

hospitality of an amiable young couple, so suited to this lovely spot, and to each other, that no good mind can contemplate such simple elegance, and enjoyment of life and happiness diffused around, without a pure delight.

A little above the house is an enclosure, surrounded with lofty ancient trees, which give appropriate solemnity to the spot, where the remains of a long race of the Grants of Glenmoriston repose, in social and unbroken rest, till the last call shall awaken them.

In the bosom of this fine glen, are the Falls of the Moriston, lying open to the view, with abundant sylvan accompaniments. 'They have not height to give them magnificence, but they are so broken, varied, and picturesque, that they are contemplated longer, and with more pleasure, than even grander objects. I have seen many places which might be as much admired amongst these romantic wilds, than Invermoriston, and some that might excite greater wonder; but none, in my

opinion, a person would more readily chuse for a permanent habitation. Invermoriston has sublimity in all objects within view, without the gloom often attendant on those magnificent scenes, and is really a smiling landscape, and peculiarly congenial to that home enjoyment, which its inhabitants seem pre-eminently to possess.

The dwellers in these glens, when possessed of the means of abundance, have, I doubt not, a higher relish for the pleasures within their reach, than those in luxurious cities, where habit has converted so many superfluities into necessaries, that the mind becomes contracted and enslaved, by having the attention continually called off, to petty conveniences, and imaginary wants: then not one, but a thousand cruel somethings, corrode and destroy all the rest. Here, the greatness of the objects by which they are surrounded, make all the prior littleness of false refinement, and fastidious art, seem still less. Nature is either so wild and solemn in the solitude of the dark mountain, or so soft and varied in the

green sheltered glen, with its blue streams and dashing water-falls, that art shrinks and diminishes before her; and those laboured decorations which give variety to flat grounds, and are accounted embellishments, by those who always lived in artificial life, would here be forced, and out of place. Nothing, for instance, would so completely destroy the wild graces of Invermoriston, than to lay it out in the manner that grounds are adorned in the vicinity of great towns, where such are not only suitable, but necessary, to relieve the monotony of enclosures and corn-fields, which I am afraid will appear very tame and uninteresting, after the wild exuberance of these glens.

The family property of this glen, I am told, runs back to the north for four-and-twenty miles, and is all inhabited; many parts of it are beautiful. I regret my stay will not permit me to look at the new road forming, which is to conduct the traveller hence, by a direct line, into the West-

ern Isles; a most important and beneficial improvement.

Near the head of this glen is a native pine-forest, one of the few that still remains, where very lately the cock-of-the-wood, a bird now almost extinct in this country, was seen. Nothing can be more dismal and wretched than the woods of planted firs, continually seen through Scotland. But, on the contrary, in the native woods of this description, the trees spread an ample shade, and rise to a considerable height. The ground below is covered with the beautiful foliage of the dwarf arbutus, which constantly springs in the shelter of the native pine; and the woodpecker, and squirrel, seldom found in any woods, here animate the scene by their chattering and lively motions.

There is a place about eight miles above Invermoriston, which I am sorry I had not time to visit. It is a large cave, with a shaded entrance, and a living stream trickling through it, very fine in itself, but

rendered more interesting by being the retreat of those three thieves, who, without even the motive of personal knowledge or attachment, generously afforded an asylum to the Pretender (here called Prince Charles) in the year 1746. It is not probable they would have shewn such exalted disregard for that wealth, which was to be the price of blood, had they been degraded in mind by the habits of petty depredations, which in guilty cities make the term *thief* expressive of every thing that is odious and contemptible. They plundered with some degree of sentiment and discrimination, never taking a cow from a widow, or poor person, or from any popular character, beloved for charity or hospitality. They plundered such as they considered intruders in the country, or belonging to clans to which their own had long been adverse. If caught, they were imprisoned for a time, or banished. Till after the year 1745, highlanders would have revolted at the idea that a man's life was to be the forfeit for the value of an animal. Retributions, or

exile, were the only punishments awarded for such offences.

Of this description were those hospitable and magnanimous persons, who, for above twenty days, cherished and concealed the princely fugitive, though daily hearing at Fort Augustus the reward almost beyond their calculation, offered for the person, or even the severed head of their unhappy guest.

Not satisfied with procuring him every thing the woods and hether afforded, they went by turns every morning to the Fort, and had the ingenuity, unsuspected, to procure for him, at their own imminent risk, wheaten bread, and the newspapers; and while in the act of performing these generous deeds of kindness, the proclamation abovementioned, daily sounded in their ears. This delicacy of hospitality and attention cannot be sufficiently admired, considering that it was entirely by their native sagacity that these demi-savages discovered that such things were desirable to their guests. He could give them no orders, and they

could ask him no questions, as they were totally ignorant of each other's language.

It is gratifying to reflect, that even the addition to such faults as the customs of their society does not stamp with the deepest turpitude, has not the power of entirely eclipsing good feelings. While these survive, even amidst the aberrations of the unregulated mind, something great and amiable appears to compensate for the degradation of our nature.

Near the garden-door at Invermoriston, are the slight remains of an ancient tower, the demolition of which was, in consequence of the mistaken loyalty of those disastrous times, but I imagine it an earlier period than the year 1745, possibly in the year 1716, but it would appear no forfeiture ensued.

LETTER XXI.

Drumnadrochat, August.

RELUCTANTLY quitting Glenmoriston, I proceeded on to the vale of Urquhart, the Tempé of the Highlands, travelling by sequestered woods cut through the precipitous steeps, which impend over the lake. Often the road is elevated to a tremendous height, and then suddenly precipitated to the brink of the Ness, with rocks towering to the clouds, so broken and mis-shapen, that they appear ready to fall and crush one. A vast variety of flowers are profusely scattered on the banks, which glow with a pink and purple carpet of hether; and the elegant digitalis, the honeysuckle, and eglantine, mingle their rich fragrance amidst the pensile birch and hazle-groves, which branch out in wild

and beautiful exuberance. Urquhart is comparatively a wide and smiling valley, rich in cultivation, and lovely in scenery. Merely passing through it, I had not the attraction of "living worth" to detain my attention; but as far as the eye could be agreeably employed on verdant scenes, and every appearance of a lively population, Urquhart gave all the pleasure that mere scenic beauty could afford. The eye might still further have been gratified, could I have followed upwards the course of the fine river, which divides this green and fertile valley. I am told it assumes, higher up, a more Alpine aspect, and becomes wild and romantic, without losing its character of tranquillity, and rich verdure.

Anxious to press forward, having still a variety of interesting scenes to visit, I lost the gratification of seeing Mr. Grant, of Corrimony,* to whom I had an in-

* "Corrimony is derived from Morie, the King of Denmark's son, who was buried there. The

troduction. This gentleman, I am told, inherits genius, and has added to it very considerable learning, both classical, and in what relates to the antiquities of his native mountains. He has lately published, what is allowed to be a very curious and learned treatise on the Origin of the Gaelic Language, and its Etymologies, &c., in which appears much research, and a thorough knowledge of the ancient languages of Europe.

Urquhart, like Glenmoriston, is entirely inhabited by Grants, adherents of the powerful and beneficent chief of that numerous clan. Urquhart still belongs to that family, who have here a residence to which they occasionally resort. They dwelt here for ages; but the chief acquiring a considerable property in Morayshire, by his marriage with an heiress of one of the Cummins, who then almost

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grave is still shewn; and some other places in this country are named after Morie." SHAW,

engrossed the lands in that country, built Castle Grant, now their principal residence.

The Castle of Urquhart is a large ruin, situated on a rocky point, projecting into the lake. Even in its present desolate state, it forms a fine object in the scenery of Loch Ness. Low-land comforts, and cultivation are here happily associated with the mild freedom and imposing grandeur of the loftiest highland scenery.

I cannot leave the Castle of Urquhart without recording the honourable distinction which render even its ruins venerable in the eyes of a true Scot. It was the last fortress in Scotland which held out against the attempted usurpation of the first Edwards. The garrison, after being much reduced by famine, are said to have been massacred at the storming of the castle, and that none escaped to tell the tale of devastation, except a boy of the name of Forbes. This castle was a royal fort, and King James the Fourth granted

it to the laird of Grant, with the estate and lordship of Urquhart.

Proceeding towards Drumnadrochat,* through now pastoral lands and sylvan scenes, my attention was arrested on my arrival by a very impressive event, the funeral of a highland chieftain, Mr. Grant, of Red Castle, which afforded me both a novel and interesting view of these manners, and these affections which are fast receding before the luxury and selfishness of modern times. The remains of primitive customs and primitive attachment, are only to be found in these remote corners. Indeed, in this case, the regret for the deceased was deep and universal in the surrounding country, as well as amongst his own clan. These, with his tenants, were numerous (probably very sincere ones) at the funeral. He died in the vigour of life, much beloved for many amiable qualities, and lamented

* Drumnadrochat, or the height of the bridge.

on the score of those useful virtues that are so influencial in a country where example is still more powerful than laws.

On drawing near the inn, to which the procession was approaching, a singular and picturesque group presented itself. Great numbers of the common people, clad in bright and shewy tartan, their usual dress of ceremony, who were sitting on the ground, others walking about, and in some instances extended on the grass, asleep, fatigued no doubt with coming from a very great distance to testify their respect for the departed. The women, who were nearly as numerous as the men, seemed to keep apart by themselves, and were seated at a distance under the trees, not ungracefully habited in the old Scottish costume, the most distinguished part of which was the plaid, so adjusted, as to have exactly the appearance, when drawn over the head, of the drapery of the vestal virgins, such as we see on medals and ancient statues. Ladies wore them in silk of a tartan pattern, lined

with pink in front, and sometimes brought forward, to veil the face from the weather; sometimes partially folded back; and among the lower class, who alone retain the fashion, it is now worn over the shoulders on common occasions; but brought forward over the face in church, to denote a deep and pious attention to the duties of the place, or, as in the present instance, in testimony of mourning.

After contemplating this specimen of rustic manners, the more solemn and signalized part of the funeral array drew near, in which Mr. Grant's six sons (a most affecting and melancholy sight), appeared: the eldest as chief mourner. The hearse was drawn by four horses, and followed by a long string of carriages, containing gentlemen, who had come above fifty miles to do honour to the memory of their deceased friend. The procession drew up to the inn, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse, and placed in a bier, which was surrounded by all the relations and friends; the eldest Mr. Grant supporting the head

of the bier, which is carried by hand. The multitude which followed, exceeded fourteen hundred persons.

Round the family tomb* were seated a number of old women, prepared to say the *coronach*,† a lamentation used at highland funerals.

All this train were to be entertained with whiskey, and bread and cheese. The usual portion, as a dram at setting off, and three after the interment. As half a hogshead was allowed, on the present occasion, it was conjectured that the followers would be very numerous. The guests of the higher class returned, as is usual in such cases, to a sumptuous dinner, prepared at the inn.

All this appears most extraordinary; and may be thought, to those who are strangers

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* The name that the chapel of interment is called in Gaelic is *Dialete*, or *Charabit*.

† "The *Coranach*, or singing at funerals, is still in use in some places. The songs are generally in praise of the deceased, or a recital of the valiant deeds of him or his ancestors."

PENNANT.

to the affectionate and simple manners of the inhabitants, something ostentatious and extravagant: yet the expression of respect to the memory of the departed, which is the ruling principle in these numerously attended funerals, is always a good symptom of the state of moral feeling. The desire of cherishing and honouring the memory, conversing about them, and visiting their sepulchres, is always a proof that the natural good feeling of the unsophisticated mind is still native. You probably have seen the pretty lines of Langhorn on the Wall-flower. The intention is, to shew that it is consonant to nature, that we should haunt those places where the wall-flower grows; the deserted ruin, that recalls those who have once inhabited them; and the dwellings of the dead, where memory and reflection find so much food for meditation.

"'Tis Nature bids, by pain or fear
Unmov'd to rove through death's domain,
The tender mother loves to hear
Her children's story told again."

I think there is exquisite pathos in the last two lines.

The coronach, which, like Milton's Phlegethon, is named of *loud* lament, is a voluntary tribute of clamant sorrow poured forth over the grave of a chief, or a person preserving sufficient power and benevolence, to protect and shew kindness to those, who, to use our phrase, live under them. A true highlander of the old race, attaches the same consequence to the coronach, that the Fingalians do to the song of the bards, without which their spirits could not mount the viewless winds, nor reach the cloudy hills of their fathers. Those who send forth the dismal sounds, do it under the impression of real sorrow, being generally persons who thought none so good or so great as the object of their lamentations.

There cannot perhaps be a stronger proof of the deep impression the natives of this country have of these funeral honours, than the importance attached to them by the godless and heartless Lord Lovat, who

though he merely lived to gratify his avarice and ambition, and seemed to love no one on earth, and fear nought beyond it, had still the most anxious desire to be brought down to be buried in his own country, and earnestly solicited that favour of the king and his ministers. He gave for a reason, that he was desirous to have the coronach of the old women, in his own country, over his grave.

The solemn pomp of funeral obsequies was once carried to the length of extravagance in Scotland.

LETTER XXII.

Inverness, 14th August, 1816.

OH! my dear friend, what an awful night was the last in Inverness! The earth trembled, the hills shook, and all nature was convulsed.

At midnight this place was visited by an awful shock of an earthquake. People were thrown from their beds, furniture was overturned, dwellings almost unroofed, chimnies gave way, and the streets exhibited a scene of the most mournful devastation, being strewn with huge masses of stone, hurled from the buildings. The inhabitants, awe-struck, fled from their houses in terror and alarm. The whole people of the town, in a short time, were assembled in the streets, which they paced, men, women, and children, during the most part of the night, afraid to return to their

dwellings, and looking with a sort of breathless apprehension for a repetition of the awful visitation of the Almighty.

There was a fearful stillness in the air, such as was described to hover over Lisbon when it was affected in the year 1755. The spectacle exhibited here of apprehension in the countenances of the people, augmented my own terror, when the earth seemed almost ready to open again (from the alarming state of the atmosphere), to swallow us up, so terrible was the death-like gloom and stillness which prevailed. The questions and inquiries asked of one another, vain as seemed all hope of satisfaction in the reply, was a melancholy sort of relief, in hearing a human voice, though breathing only the accents of dismay. Persons who had never before spoken to each other, though inhabiting the same place, became in a moment acquainted. One general interest, one general anxiety prevailed; while groups of people formed themselves into parties, and fled to the fields during the night, as the safest place of refuge.

Earthquakes in this country are not frequent in occurrence, nor in general destructive in their consequences. Of the most considerable one which has occurred in this kingdom for fifty years past, Horace Walpole said "it was so tame, that you might have stroked it." This one, the alarmed horrors of which it was my fate to share, was by no means of so gentle a description.

There is a place in Perthshire, called Comrie, which for many years has been subject, in a comparative degree, to these tremours of the earth, which are supposed to indicate an incipient volcano in the neighbouring mountains, from which smoke and flashes of electric fire have been seen to arise. These petty earthquakes occur very frequently in that spot, but seldom extend beyond it. I am told, however, that about eighteen years ago, a very considerable and alarming concussion was felt at Glasgow, in a western direction, and amongst the Grampians, as far as the parish of Laggan, in Badenoch, Inverness-shire.

In all, the concussion was not only very sensibly felt, but distinctly heard, like subterranean thunder, for nearly two hundred miles. The shock to which I was a witness was more powerful in its effects, but far more limited in extent. I have not heard of its being experienced at a greater distance than at Foyers, fifteen miles from hence, on the banks of the lake.

Any thing of the nature of an earthquake creates greater alarm at Inverness than in most other places. The inhabitants of this country consider Loch Ness as a fathomless abyss, connected with the inmost caverns of the earth, from the commotions which pent up winds or hidden *fires* produce in these unknown recesses, they imagine that these terrible convulsions of nature originate. That the fountains of the great deep have some secret communication with this great body of water, there is some ground of belief, from the manner in which it was affected during the shock of the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, at the very instant of time that the sea had re-

tired into the Bay of Lisbon, and seemed for a moment to leave the bottom open to the general eye, the lake was observed to rise three feet more than its utmost height in spring floods; it almost covered the glacis at Fort Augustus, threw a boat laden with wood far on the shore, at the very moment when the sea rose in a vast wave, and rushed in upon that devoted city. The waters of the lake of Loch Ness as suddenly retired into their wonted bed.

Before I finally leave this magnificent lake, which has been so much the subject of wild conjecture to the ignorant and superstitious, and likewise of puzzling speculation to the learned and judicious observer, I shall advert to the peculiarity which distinguishes Loch Ness from all other lakes, I mean its not freezing.

This is not, as Dr. Johnson supposes, an assertion founded on its generally remaining open through the winter, when other waters freeze, but an incontestible truth. So far from freezing, the slightest crust or ice is never seen to form, even on the shal-

lowest brink of the water; yet, if the agitation excited by a wintry storm should throw some of the water beyond its boundary, so as to separate it from the entire body of the lake, that portion will freeze immediately. The experiment has been tried of exposing to the cold at the same time two vessels, one filled with water from the river, the other with the same quantity from the lake, in which case the lake water was found to be the first frozen. How it should so totally resist the power of frost while in its native bed, and yet so suddenly yield to it in a state of separation, is difficult to account for. Its singularities are, that during the extremest cold of winter, a thin blue vapour hovers over the lake, which certainly seems, and is from its effects, warm; for while the snow lies thick on the adjacent country, this vapour dissolves it on the immediate banks of the lake, which seems as if the genial west had breathed upon them, when all the rest of the country is clad in a snowy covering. The common people think the center of

the lake is unfathomable, and that the remainder lies in a bed of sulphur, to which they attribute this unfreezing quality, and the warm vapour that hovers over it in the winter. During summer it is cooler than any other water, and so peculiarly light and pure, that people send from a distance to drink of it, and imagine bathing in it to be salutary to many diseases. It may almost be called the Ganges of the highlanders, from the many imaginary qualities which they attribute to it.

LETTER XXIII.

Dalwhinnie, August.

NEVER did I quit any place in a more cheerless state of mind than Inverness. Recently parted with my English friends, with whom the time had been delightfully spent, and who were equally alive with myself to all the romantic beauty of the enchanting scenes which we had visited together, the prospect of new objects, which has a peculiar charm to the traveller of research, excited no feeling of interest. The impression of the awful visitation of the former evening so far from having passed away, has left a sensation of apprehension on my spirits, there is no describing. The electric shock sustained at that terrible moment, when the opening of the earth threatened either

to swallow one up, or to bury the inhabitants of Inverness in the ruins of the city, by immediate destruction, devastation having spread its calamitous hand in all the neighbourhood, has quite unnerved me. The day, too, has been in perfect unison with my feelings;—lowering, gloomy, and rainy. All the green wooded hills of Inverness were veiled in a heavy mist, which no ray of sunshine attempted to penetrate, gave to the face of a country, wild, mountainous, and uncultured, a depressing aspect, which the stern scenery around this solitary, comfortless inn, does not tend to dispel.

It is a very wild district of country between Inverness and Freeburn. I here crossed the river Findan, which assumes a turbulence and rapidity in its progress even greater than the Spey; and to persons accustomed to gaze only on the dull quiet of our English streams, the fancy can form no just idea of the vast magnificence of the Scotch rivers, at present much swoln by the heavy rains which

have created those mountain torrents so beautifully and faithfully described by Mrs. Grant, as they issue down the dark sides of the hills, appearing in the sunbeams like liquid silver. The cottages throughout the whole of this district are built of turf, the roof covered with weeds and grass, which appear at a distance like so many black mole-hills,* and certainly gives a most comfortless idea of the lives of these simple people, who, as I have before remarked, glide through the world, if strangers to its luxuries, happily and virtuously, while their more easy neighbours are oppressed with many cares, of which they are totally ignorant.

Here, much of the primitive highlander remains.—The influence of lucky and unlucky days is regarded with the most religious superstition.—If it chances to rain on a Friday morning, they never expect fine weather until the Friday following.

* I find that Pennant made a similar remark.

Close by Aviemoor is a druidical circle of considerable extent, and the most entire which I have seen. The solitary inn kept by an English-woman, is commodious and clean. It stands by the foot of the rocky mountain of Craig Elachie, the road winding on the borders of the Spey, flowing here with much softness, and fancifully lovely, with little tufted islands spreading on its pellucid bosom, by which the fairy landscape is reflected.

Birch-trees sweep the plain, affording an appearance of cultivation, that interrupts the cheerless aspect of those lofty hills, too deeply veiled in mist to display their grandeur with effect; and the towering Cairngorum, whose glittering gems adorn many a fair bosom, to my infinite vexation, was but obscurely seen in the distance.

Passing to the left of the hill of Kinrara, I observed on the pinnacle a monument, which has lately been erected to commemorate the gallantry of the invincible 42nd regiment, at the battle of Waterloo. The

Marquis of Huntley is Colonel of this distinguished regiment. Not far from thence is Kinrara Cottage, built by her Grace the late Duchess of Gordon. In this village her ashes repose. The following poetic tribute is paid to her memory, by a lady of Scotland :—

Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,
And softly waves the drooping willow;
Where beauty's faded charms repose,
And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.

Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,
Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
When Fashion's airy train she led,
And formed the dance's frolic measure.

When war call'd forth our youth to arms,
Her eye inspir'd each martial spirit;
Her mind had felt the Muse's charms,
And gave the meed to modest merit.

But now, farewell, fair northern star,
Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten,
No more call forth our youths to arms,
No more the rural pastimes brighten.

Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn,
These vales which thou wert wont to gladden,
Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
And grief the minstrel's music sadden;

And oft, amid the festive scene,
Where pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
A sigh shall heave for noble Jane,
Laid low beneath Kinrara's willow.

There is a happy contrast in the aspect of the surrounding hills, bare to the foot of the small lake of Loch Alvie, blending with the richly wooded Kinrara, and enlivened by the church and manse of Alvie, which stands prettily on a green mound, bordering the river.

Passing over the bridge of Spey, the road proceeds along the course of the river, winding like a watery labyrinth, sprinkled with shrubs, at the base of Craigdoe, or the Black Hill, on the top of which, beacons were formerly lighted by the chief of the M'Phersons. At the gathering of the clans, previous to battle, the ceremony used, was, to slay a goat, which was cut by the spine, when two sticks being tied together in the form of a cross, the sword was dipt in the blood of the animal, and the beacon lighted, when the *shirach*, or bard, was dispatched;

bearing in one hand the fiery cross,* and the sword in the other, to summons the clans-men to the presence of their chief, all of whom, with enthusiastic devotion, in multitudes attend the call of their leader. I was informed, that the late Lovat performed this ceremony at the period of the apprehended invasion, when, in this enlightened age, such practices were almost wholly worn away, and that his clan of the Frasers instantly obeyed his call. I was an eye-witness of the extraordinary devotion which the highlanders pay to their chief. On the arrival of

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* "A person is sent out full speed, with a pole burnt at one end, and bloody at the other, with a cross at the top, which is called, the Cross of Shame, or the Fiery Cross.—*Croshtarie.* The first for the disgrace they would undergo, if they declined appearing; the second, for the penalty of having fire and sword carried throughout their country, in case of refusal. The first bearer delivers it to the next person he meets.—He runs full speed to the third, and so on. In every clan the bearer has a peculiar war cry." PENNANT.

Fraser Lovat at his estate, Beaufort Castle, every hill surrounding Invernes was blazing with bon-fires in testimony of joyful respect. Nor is it to be wondered at, considering the veneration inwhich they are held; for every chief regards his clan as his relation;* hence there is more courtesy

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* "The ordinary highlanders consider it the most sublime degree of virtue to love their chief, and pay him unbounded obedience, although it be in opposition to the government, the laws of the kingdom, or even the laws of God He is their idol, and as they know no king but him, they do what he commands, without enquiry. Next to their love of their chief, is that of the particular branch from which they sprung; and in a third degree, to those of the whole clan, or name, whom they will assist, right or wrong, against those of another tribe, with which they are at variance, to whom their enmity, like exasperated brothers, is most outrageous.

"The unlimited love and obedience of the highlanders to their chief, are not confined to the lower order of their followers, but are the same with those who are near them in rank."

Letters from the North of Scotland.

from the high to the lower classes, and more of respect, untainted with servility, in the lower orders, to their superiors, than is met with in other countries. The resemblance to persons of the same clan to each other is distinctly visible.

The wild untutored highlanders seemed, in remote ages, to partake of a savage ferocity of character, strongly tinctured with enthusiasm and superstition. Always accustomed to vassalage, they were inspired with a sort of religious devotion to their chief, or petty king, whom they followed with a mad zeal, whatever might be the cause, without considering either the motive or effect, rushing forward with impetuous bravery in his defence. The superstitious ceremony of slaying the goat, sprinkling the blood, and carrying the fiery cross, carries one back to ancient sacrifices, and the dark ages of a people unenlightened by the blessed dispensation of the Gospel. These barbarous traits of

character, indeed, more resemble the savage Indian, than that of a reflecting people living in a civilized land.

Before finally taking leave of Craig Doe, I looked with more than common interest up the narrow opening through which the traveller passes into the green meadowy vale of Laggan, which expands above half a mile in width, and for six miles upwards, towards the lofty Corry-arich, continues in uninterrupted verdure and fertility. It is watered by the Spey, which wanders through it in devious turnings. Though only twelve miles from its mountain source, this stream receives many accessions from numberless brooks, which pouring down from all sides, makes it not only assume the importance of a considerable river, but overflows the valley when its impetuous waters are swelled by "wet October's torrent flood."

In this valley formerly dwelt a respectable friend of mine, since known to the world by those writings of which the public have given that due testimony of de-

served and high approbation. I shall only add, that such is her modest worth, I am sure she values more highly the testimony of her former neighbours, in the performance of those duties (so faithfully fulfilled) belonging to the station of women, than that applause which has been conferred on her as the author of "*Letters from the Mountains.*"

LETTER XXIV.

Blair Athol, August.

THE stage from Dalwhinnie to Dalnacardoch is through a mountainous tract of country, more desolate than any part I have yet beheld, and so continued in the succession of dreary and bleak hills, which rise, as others recede, one actually is entombed amongst them. These hills are at present the resort of sportsmen. They abound in grouse, which shelter in coveys amid the *hether*.. The ptarmigan is also to be met with upon them.

Loch Garry runs at the foot of the Grampians, which, in frowning grandeur, spread far as the eye can discern. This lake unites with the river Garry, winding like the perturbed mountain torrents the whole way.

I cannot avoid remarking the imposition practiced on travellers on this highland road, in the very enormous charges at the petty inns, when neither cleanliness nor comfort afford any satisfactory compensation for bad fare and bad accommodation. The hostess of an inn in Scotland considers herself a *lady*. This circumstance, united with a native indolence of character, renders the household arrangement a scene of disorder and confusion, for every sort of attendance and attention to travellers devolves upon the waiters and chambermaids. The landlady never, as in England, makes her appearance, nor seems to take any active part in looking into the affairs of her house. At these small remote inns, a dirty girl, bare-headed and bare-legged, generally waits upon those who are unfortunately obliged to shelter beneath their roof. It is, however, but justice to add, that the hotels in Edinburgh, are equal to those of London in every elegance and comfort. Even Ben-

nett's at Inverness, and Davidson's at Perth, are very little inferior.

Within a few miles of Blair of Athol, the sterile aspect of the country changes into luxuriant magnificence, and the traveller is enchanted with all the fine diversity of scenery which embosoms the Duke of Athol's princely domain. About a mile north of his Grace's seat, the Falls of the Bruar form an attraction to every eye capable of admiring nature in her most rugged and fantastic forms. Burns appears to have been more captivated with this spot, than any other object that met his view during his northern tour. The steep and rugged aspect of the everlasting barriers which frown over this stream, whose rough music, like his own, will be heard whilst time endures, seemed to be congenial to his daring genius, and the sublime melancholy which was the native habit of his mind. Those flashes of humour, which occasionally threw a vivid brightness across the gloom, were mere temporary sallies, of what, to a close ob-

server, served only to make the darkness more visible. His imagination appears to have luxuriated among those deep recesses, resounding waters, and rocky barriers. These feelings took the visible form of a poem, addressed to the Duke, written with his usual spirit, ease, and elegance; and is less tinctured with his native dialect, than any other of equal merit amongst his productions. The Petition of Bruar-water to the Duke of Athol is so well known, I shall only insert a few lines, to point out more strongly to the traveller's observation, his Grace's compliance with the poetical prayer of the then shadeless Bruar.

Here foaming down the shelvy rocks
In twisting strength I rin;
Then high in boiling torrents smokes,
Wild boiling o'er the lin.*

Enjoying large such spring and well,
As Nature gave them me;
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth go'en a mile to see.

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* Cascade.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks;
And listen, many a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool
My lovely banks o'erspread,
And view, deep bending in the pool,
Their shadow's wat'ry bed.

Let fragrant birks, * in woodbine drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And for the little songster's rest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

By the assistance of art, veiling itself in the modest garb of nature, beauty is now happily blended with that savage greatness, which was the former attribute of the place. A succession of falls, interrupted by windings of the waters, projections of the rocks, and recesses, where they retire back, leaving fair openings for the sun,

* Birches.

and spots of productive soil, give such constant and fanciful variety to the scene, as neither language nor painting is adequate to convey to the imagination. The fair creation of the poet's fancy has, in the meantime, been realized by the noble proprietor.

The shades which he imagined have actually sprung up, and the melody of his ideal birds resound from their branches. Flowers, which seem scattered by the lavish hand of native spring, adorn every crevice in the rock, and the vegetable soil on the brink of this turbulent stream, afford room for a variety of trees and shrubs most judiciously adapted to the scenery, and seem to partake of its wild and unequal character. Nothing can be more sudden and luxuriant than the growth of the plants scattered along the abrupt banks of the Bruar, fed by a constant though scarce visible shower, from the ascending mist of the successive cascades. Sheltered from every wind by the rocky walls that surround them, and enjoying by the reflection of

the sun from their flinty bed, a degree of heat scarce inferior to that of a hot-house, the tenderest plants are here safe and flourishing.

The little pastoral huts, in the form of those highland shealings, which are here and there erected, as resting-places in this enchanting wilderness, are quite in character with the chaste simplicity of the other decorations. The whole scene so much resembles, "The negligence of Nature, wide and wild," that in a more genial climate it might be supposed to be merely the result of abundant moisture and sunshine.

It would be unjust to quit the boundary of this wide domain, without adverting to an improvement of the most lasting and extensive nature, which is here in a state of daily advancement. Those bleak and naked mountains, which repelled the eye of the traveller, and appeared to serve no other visible purpose but that of a frowning barrier to the last retreat of unconquered valour, are now assuming a very different

aspect. Plantations of an almost incredible extent are quickly overspreading their dusky and rugged surface. The Duke plants many millions of trees every year. The continuity, the extent of these lofty and thriving plantations, reminds me of the beautiful fiction in the Spectator, of Hilpe and Shallam, where the disappointed antideluvian is represented as consoling his love-lorn sorrows, by adorning his mountains with groves of his own creating. To be sure, the space of five hundred years which Shallam devoted to this useful amusement, gave room for improvements far beyond what our limitted three-score and ten admits of; yet in this instance, the parallel does not entirely fail. A succession of our short-lived Shallams following in this path of improvement, with a noble emulation, the steps of their predecessors, may equal the sole exertions of this imaginary planter. Disappointment of another kind, also, might in this case have turned the thoughts of our modern planters into this salutary channel: The gates of ambi-

tion were happily closed against them. At a period of national misfortune, the noble cultivator found a solace in adorning his abode, and shading his mountains with plantations, to supply the place of those ancient groves, which once covered this country. His ancestors were too good and too happy to forsake the home, and the pursuits which were so congenial to their pure and tranquil spirit. The present owner of these improved domains, less retired, is not less zealous in this beneficial branch of improvement. Future travellers will not spy the nakedness of the land, as did that "*majestic teacher of moral wisdom,*" whose prejudices proved only as a shade in a picture, to contrast with his gigantic powers and stern virtues. If ever his mighty spirit revisits the scenes of his northern pilgrimage, it may now wander amid new-sprung woods, which the hand of industry is raising in every quarter, and which will soon, by their number and extent, take away our reproach among the nations. The larch, in particular seems to be adapted to this

soil; and under the sheltering mountains of Dunkeld, attains to a size unknown in any other part of Britain. This seems the more extraordinary, as the parent plant from which this sylvan race has all sprung up, was brought over by the first Duchess of Athol, from the Alps, in its infant state. Her Grace had it planted in a pot, and brought to England on her lap, least any harm should befal so rare a plant, which she considered as too delicate for this climate. To this Duchess's wish to introduce a new plant, and to Pope's curiosity in examining the fresh withies, in which a foreign parcel was tied up, we owe all the graceful larches and pendant weeping willows which now adorn the Scotch hills.

The plantations of rhubarb on the mountains above the Blair, deserve notice; that being the only place in the kingdom where this plant is cultivated to any extent. Some person who had travelled over the wilds in Tartary, where the rhubarb is indigenous, and abundant, remarked, that the places where it grows are very si-

milar to the high grounds above Blair. My father being a physician, was also a botanist (and a remarkably good one) was the person who first suggested the idea of these plantations, which have since proved so very beneficial. Some years ago, I am told, twelve hundred weight was annually sent to London, besides supplying the adjacent country, and this produce has considerably increased.

LETTER XXV.

Blair Athol, August.

ASCENDING the hill through an avenue that would have delighted Cowper, and forms a fine contrast to the surrounding wildness, Blair bursts upon the view with all its princely accompaniments. Though the Duke's present dwelling scarcely justifies the epithet, yet the attendant scenery, lofty and grand, with the recollection of past times, and the actions connected with royal hunting, sieges, battles, and high descended chiefs, supply that defect, both to the memory and imagination. The Marquis, who was basely betrayed after the insurrection of 1745, recurs to my thoughts, with all his long exile, sorrows, and sufferings. The cruel consequence of the occupation of this castle

by the adverse party, was also renewed in my mind. When the government thought proper to demolish three stories in height of this once stately edifice, and during the long period consumed in this operation, the family were accommodated in the odd-looking wings, which they built for their reception. Unable to witness this violation of the halls of their fathers, Duke James absented himself for more than three years from Scotland. When his diminished castle first appeared to him at the turning of the road, he burst into tears, not such as angels weep, it may be well supposed, but such indignant drops as wounded pride drew from the eyes of honour's angry head.

It is interesting here to see, what is, I think, the only portrait preserved of the ancestors of this noble family, through whom they inherited the sovereignty of Man. This truly illustrious Countess of Derby, was so distinguished by nobility of mind, by learning, wisdom, and courage, that it would be superfluous to men-

tion her high descent, were it not illustrated by virtue like her own. She immediately descended, on the maternal side, from the great house of Trimouille. The Dukes bearing that title were, after the Admiral Coligney, heads of the protestants in France. Her mother was Countess of ——, (I cannot recollect the name at this moment) so famed for her works of charity, and for the castles and baronial halls which she founded or re-edified on her various estates. There is still remaining a monument of the Countess of Derby's filial piety to this excellent mother, in a pillar which she erected in Cumberland, to mark the spot at which she last parted from her. It is still called, by the common people, the Countess's Pillar. I cannot remember the name (though a very distinguished one) of a bishop, who was intimate with her, who said, that she understood every thing from predestination to sley silk. The great qualities of her mind were called into action by events the most disastrous, which she endured with unshaken fortitude.—

After recurring slightly to these, her eulogium will be best made in her own emphatic words. Her husband was faithful to the cause of royalty, when most others had given it up as desperate. After he was put to death by the opposite party, she held out Latham-house against the army and the parliament, which was the last place that England capitulated to the usurping powers. After the Restoration some of the regicides, who had also signed the order for her husband's execution, were connived at, endeavouring to escape from the Isle of Man. The sovereign of the island, however, did not indulge them in the like impunity, but had them seized and hanged, as traitors and murderers. It was notified to her, that she had committed an illegal act, having no power beyond her own jurisdiction, they having been subjects of England. She sent a message to the king, saying, "*That he might, if he chose,*

spare her father's murderers, but she would punish those of her husband, wherever she could find them."

This lofty and daring spirit was so little in unison with that of an ungrateful and luxurious court, that it only tended as a pretext for treating with cold neglect her to whom so much was due. Nothing, indeed, with a certain class of minds, forms a stronger motive of dislike than unreturnable obligation. Aware, however, of her influence among her dependants, the Secretary of State was, at the time of the elections for the next ensuing parliament, instructed to signify the royal wish, that she should favour a certain candidate for one of her boroughs. To his letter on that subject, she returned the following memorable answer:—

"*I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your borough sha'nt stand.*"

It is from the daughter of this heroine, that the present Duke of Athol inherits the island she governed and defended with so much spirit.

Her picture is a whole-length figure in black, with a ruff. There does not appear in it any remains of beauty, which possibly vanished under the heavy pressure of sorrow. But there is much strength of character indicated in this evidently woe-worn countenance.

Have I tired you, my dear friend, with this long detail? To me, it does not seem tedious. The attachment which my father had for that noble family, gives to my feelings a strong interest in all that belongs to them.

There is a small valley in Athol, named by two lovers, called, Morah, which is celebrated in song by M'Niel, called, Donald and Flora. The first stanza runs thus:—

"When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sadd'ning to Morah!"

The church of Blair is a very mean, though a very ancient building, such an one as excites surprise to be seen so near a ducal residence, if unacquainted with the circumstances connected with it. But in fact none of the principal heritors of the parish frequent this place of worship. They are of the episcopalian persuasion, and have built a large chapel near the church, where they all attend service. There is something in the history of the old church which marks it as a remnant of antiquity worth preserving. In the time of one of the first James's, I do not exactly remember which, Donald of the Isles, who long struggled for the independence of this insular domain, made frequent incursions into the interior, which merely ended in terrifying and plundering the inhabitants. —The last of these terminated at Blair. Donald, and his followers ravaged the whole intermediate country, carrying off every thing moveable, till they were burthened with the spoils they had collected. They reached the Kyle, a narrow-

strait, which separates Sky from the main land, in safety and in triumph. This ferry is so narrow, that the droves of cattle which are annually sent from this island to the north of England, invariably swim across, fastened to each other by withies, (without any accident being known to happen,) and never in boats, so that the smallest risk is not apprehended. It was otherwise, however, with Donald and his ill-gotten wealth. There were a great number of boats necessary to convey it across, and they had no sooner embarked, than a violent storm burst upon them, with such sudden fury, that in an instant every boat was swallowed up, except that which contained Donald, and the most portable and valuable articles of his plunder, consisting of plate, &c. He not unnaturally considered himself as spared from this general wreck, to suffer on earth all the pangs of grief and remorse, and to make some exemplary expiation for his offence. With the aid and protection of the clergy, he resorted to Blair, where his ravage had

terminated, and there, with the produce of his plunder, built this church, which no doubt, was stripped of its ornaments at the Reformation; yet, it is still used as a place of worship, and still stands a memorial of mistaken piety.

LETTER XXVI.

Dunkeld, August.

LONG-LOVED Dunkeld now rose to my sight, pre-eminent in beauty, and smiling in sunshine. But, alas! alas! my friend, those beloved objects which gave all the joy to life, had long since left their daughter a solitary individual. My second visit to my dear native spot, sensibly renewed the sad privation, where peace, love, and friendship seemed to reign, if I may be allowed to judge from the remaining few, which the all-destroying hand of death has yet left, a wreck in the band of that happy society which were wont to meet in my father's mansion.

Why, my dear Miss Porter, did Dunkeld look so beautiful?—Why not rather appear lowering, amid those clouds which

only a few hours before had rolled away, to unveil all Nature in its sweetest charms, when circumstances had long since led me from its Arcadian scenes, and now created a sort of lingering wish to remain here, when no tie is left, in a place become one universal blank?

"——————— Home we return,
But found them dead, for whom we oft have wept,
Heedlessly wept, when they were in their joy."
SOUTHEY.

Possibly you are acquainted with Mrs. Skimmelpennick's works, on the Theory and Classification of Beauty and Deformity. She relates in it an interesting anecdote of Rousseau, which appears so much a case in point, I cannot resist telling it to you.

The philosopher of Geneva was, during his earliest and happiest years, walking one day with a beloved friend. It was summer. The evening was calm and delightful; the sun was just setting behind the double towers of the church; its broad beams spread their attempered fires in one vast sheet over the clear expanse of the lake,

and the little painted skiffs that gleamed on the transparent water, were tipped with vivid light. They sat on a soft mossy bank, and enjoyed the gay prospect. At their feet was a bright tuft of speedwell. Rousseau's friend pointed out to him, the pretty little flower, the veronica, bearing the same expression of cheerfulness and innocency as the scene before them. No more was said. Thirty years elapsed, careworn, persecuted, and disappointed, known to fame, but not to peace, Rousseau revisited Geneva. It happened, that he one evening passed by the same spot. The sun shone as brightly as before; the birds sung as cheerfully, and rose as merrily on the soft summer air, and the glittering boats skim the still surface of the lake as rapidly. But the house where he had spent so many happy days was levelled to the ground: his kind friend had long slept in the grave. The generation of villagers who had partaken of the bounty of the beneficent hand were passed away, and none remained to point out the green sod where their benefactor

lay. He walked on pensively. The same bank, tufted with the same knot of the bright-eyed speedwell, caught his eye. He turned away, and wept bitterly.

The scenery all the way from Blair Athol to Dunkeld is perfectly enchanting, partaking of the same character before described. On ascending the hill, where the road winds amid the deep embowering woods of Fascally, I previously had pointed out to me the famous pass of Killicrankie, where the battle was fought between King William's forces, after the Revolution, and Lord Viscount Dundee's men, who being pursued by them, were beaten, and retired after Dundee was slain. A large stone, in an adjacent field, marks the spot where he is buried. The situation of the pass of Killicrankie is highly romantic, formed of a steep elevation, which overlooks the dark impending woods of Blair Athol; the Garry river sparkling like brown crystal, as it wanders at the foot of these awful and impervious solitudes. The Garry, the Bruar, and the Tilt,

unite their tributary streams near Blair; but all-lovely as they are, in gaiety and chastened beauty, they will not compare with the magnificent Tay, which is one of the finest rivers in Scotland.

At Blair of Athol, an entertainment was given to King James the Fifth, by the Earl, somewhat equalling in splendour that of Queen Elizabeth's at Kellingworth. A temporary building was erected, formed of birch-trees, ornamented with tapestry and silks for the occasion.—The repast, furnished with the delicate game from their hills. Grouse, ptarmigans, plovers, the black cock, venison, &c., and a vast variety of fish, which the Scotch rivers supplied. His Majesty, who visited Blair for the purpose of hunting, is said to have lived three days in this wilderness of luxury and sweets.

All the borders of Dunkeld Nature had decked in the richest attire; and the contrast of the grand, to the soft and sylvan, is most happily preserved. The sweeping hills, thickly wooded, hanging over the broad and transparent Tay, in the most

beautiful manner, with pastoral meadows, tufted with trees, and enlivened by herds of cattle, grazing on these peaceful plains, renders this scene a perfect Arcadia, which breathes a spirit of cheerful tranquillity, in unison with every thing connected with Dunkeld. Since my last visit to this highly favoured spot (such I must call it), Nature has been so lavish of her charms, considerable improvements have taken place; several new streets have started up, and a noble stone bridge is completed, which late erections, in several parts of Scotland, where communication was cut off, without the extreme inconvenience, and often risk, of crossing ferrys, is a vast advantage to travellers, and adds infinitely to the picturesque beauty of the romantic views. It is quite delightful to trace the rapid progress of improvement, which even in the short space of six years I can evidently perceive, not in one spot alone, but in all the various districts I formerly passed through. The nobility and gentry use every exertion to improve and beautify the face

of the country, and those who live upon their estates spare neither pains nor expense to ameliorate and soften the hard condition of the poor. It is only in the very remote and sequestered parts, their cottages are comfortless and dirty, and a universal spirit of activity and industry now appears to follow on the heels of English neatness as rapidly as possible.

Again I must refer you to my former sketches of Scotland, if you wish to have an account of the antiquities of this place, the ancient cathedral, the Duke of Athol's magnificent and romantic pleasure-grounds, which here once more meet the eye; the Hall of Ossian; the Classic Hill of Dunsinane; and the woods of Birnham, waving high above Dunkeld, which, as a *toute ensemble*, combine in one little spot, much to interest and delight.

LETTER XXVII.

Stirling, August.

OBLIGED to bend my course to Stirling for a few days, many objects were pointed out to me worthy observation in this neighbourhood, which was formerly omitted. Stirling itself, from having been the seat of royalty, the theatre of war, and the Temple of the Muses, however frequently revisited, must always, to the curious observer, afford something new, and some object before overlooked.

Cambruskeneth, of which a single tower only remains, was the Glastonbury of Scotland, and richly endowed by successive sovereigns, more particularly by King David, whose profuse piety led his wiser successor to say, "*That he was a sair saint for the crown.*" It is the burying-

place of many sovereigns, and particularly of that devout king who endowed it so richly. It stands upon an isthmus, or rather peninsula, surrounded by one of the links, as they are called, of Forth. The spot where its remains still rest, is in the centre of the peninsula; but when entire, the offices, kitchen, &c. were so extensive, they occupied the whole breadth of that ground, and stretched on each side to the edge of the water. The causeway, as the paved road which led to the abbey, was called, still remains. The whole peninsula is occupied by gardens and orchards, first planted by the monks, which supply the neighbouring towns with a quantity of excellent fruit. An ideal sanctity belonging to this abbey, seems to have breathed a kind of sacred horror around the hard hearts of the presbyterians of that day, after the dissolution and partial destruction of the abbey. The citizens of Stirling attempted to convey, over the deep and narrow branch of the Forth, which surrounds it, a singularly large bell that be-

longed to it. Its weight sunk the boat, intended to convey it over, and, none of the many efforts which have been made to recover it have proved successful. The obvious cause is the rich bed of deep mud in which its weight sunk it. But superstition found other reasons for its being withheld from protestant profanation. There is a remarkable ruin, or rather unfinished building, in Stirling, which terminates the approach towards the Castle, and strikes the eye of every traveller, from its fantastic singularity. It is called by the inhabitants *Marrs-work*, and is part of a palace which the Regent Marr (styled the *good Regent)* meant to build; but most unhappily (and we trust the legend of time), bought the materials in the ruins of Cambruskeneth. The consequence of this sacrilegious appropriation was, according to vulgar tradition, that he did not live out the year; and that the building remains unfinished; a sad memorial of the presumption of making what was consecrated to God, subservient to mortal magnifi-

cence. After having said all this, it is but just to add, that history tells us, that truly good Regent died of a broken heart, because he found it impossible to infuse his own spirit of peace and benevolence into the leaders of the contending faction in that most unhappy period. However absurd or extravagant these superstitions may appear in the recital, when it is considered how difficult it is to reason with the multitude, and of what importance it is, that some sacred barrier of opinion should operate on their feelings, to secure from violation buildings consecrated both by piety and taste, it were scarcely to be wished that they should consider such matters in an abstract or metaphysical point of view.

Who, my dear friend, can behold the bridge of Stirling without a vivid recollection of the glorious deeds of your valorous hero, in that spot, rendered classical by his hard-won victory? That exploit which you have so richly coloured, after the rude drawing of Wallace's Blind Laureate,

comes forcibly back on the mind, in the scene which his actions, and your powerful descriptions have marked to future times, as a memorial of genius and valour.

The luxuriant plains here form a part of Clachmannan, a beautiful but small district, distinguished, as I formerly remarked, and dear to Scottish recollections by the tower so named, the original residence of the Bruces, to whom, by my father's side, I am lineally descended, and where some reliques of that real hero are still preserved. Nothing can surpass the quiet and rich beauty of the fertile plains which border the Forth, gaining much in picturesque effect, from the fine back-ground of the Ochil Hills which rise above them in all the varied hues that blooming heath, lively verdure, and the shifting shadows of the passing clouds create.

On a day's excursion, replete with soft and varied beauty, accompanied by Bishop G——'s agreeable daughters, I regarded, with due veneration, the abode of a hero who lived for his country a life of une-

qualled pain, labour, and privation.* My attention was next called to that of another personage, of that exalted description, who died for his country in the moment when he had planted for her a new laurel, where her arms and name were before unknown. His glorious death on the banks of the Nile, has illustrated his name on the banks of the Forth; and one looks now at Tullibody with a sensation like that felt on viewing Ellerslie, on the Coil. Abercrombie need scarcely be named, when called up to the imagination by so many circumstances peculiar to himself.

The very spirit of romance seems to prevail in the environs of the small village of Dollar, or *Doluer*, leading to Castle Campbell, denominated the Castle of *Gloom*, surrounded by the waters of *Care*, and buried in the dark shades of impervious and almost inaccessible woods. The designation of these places are perfectly characteristic of their situation.

* Mungo Parke.

The Castle is only to be reached by a winding sheep path, cut through the high embowering trees, which hang over the black melancholy water of *Care*. Buried in insular hills, on the pinnacle of one of the steepest, the Castle stands, in majestic and frowning ruin; and where the demon of horror might be thought here to reside. Not all that Mrs. Radcliffe has described of the horrors of Udolpho, can exceed this place.

It is not exactly known at what period this stately pile was erected, or by whom; but it is said to be more ancient than the Castle of Edinburgh. It belonged to the Duke Earls of Argyle, and during the civil wars in 1645, the Marquis of Montrose destroyed it by fire and sword. Having, however, in part withstood the furious siege, one or two of the lower apartments remain, a mournful relict of its former magnitude. A dark, damp, high-arched kitchen, with a stone floor, mouldering with decay, is the dismal habitation of a man, his wife, and children. I was sur-

prised to meet with simple and courteous manners in a spot so rude and desolate, when I should rather have expected to start away in dread of banditti, who might feel themselves secure from intruders, and enjoy their savage revelry, rocked by wild lullaby of the howling winds.

The spot is shewn, in front of the Castle, where beneath a lofty plane-tree, John Knox is said to have preached to the Earl of Argyle, and to have administered the sacrament. After the Reformation, he also dispensed the first sacrament in the hall of this Castle. Hence it appears, that even the wildest solitude was not, to this bold reformist, inaccessible. Thither he penetrated, and daringly preached to the deluded multitude, sapping the foundation of the episcopalian church in this country, and sweeping away, with a powerful and iron hand, all its imposing, but sanctified forms; leaving many a venerable cathedral a solitary and melancholy monument of the grandeur, the solemnity of a service, which

is here divested of every outward ornament and form.

A daughter of one of the kings of Scotland, banished hither, was confined in a solitary cell; hence the place is said to derive the name of the Castle of *Gloom*.

I observed to you, in one of my former Letters, that knowledge, and even a taste for literature, is wonderfully diffused throughout the lower stations of life, down to the obscure and lowly shepherd on his native mountains. On a hill opposite Castle Campbell, a man literally tending his flocks, called John Christie, possessed a library consisting of 370 volumes, judiciously chosen.

In order to reach several of the places we visited to-day, it was necessary to dismiss the carriage, and scramble over many wild and intricate steeps. Nearly missing our way to the Caldron Linn, one of the young ladies prevailed on a peasant-girl to become our guide, who, though a most perfect child of nature, had a consi-

derable share of quickness and arch promp-ness in her composition. She soon dis-covered myself and another of the party were English, and as we wearily lagged behind, impatient and exhausted, while the Scotch ladies dexterously skipped along, she complimented her countrywomen on being the best walkers. She smilingly exclaimed, "*Its weel to be seen you're used to loup* ow're the dubs† better than the English folk.*"

At length, feeling powerless to proceed without resting, I sat down on a bank, while the rest of the party chatted to the girl, who carried my drawing-book and materials. She expressed a vast curiosity to look into it (the Scotch are shrewd, penetrating, and inquisitive, on every sub-ject); and on being shewn Castle Camp-bell, she said, "*She maun be an unco clever ledy, that can draw places, and write books; but she canna loup ow're*

* Leap. † Dirt.

stanes, and rin up braes like our ain country ledies."

Very anxious to tempt me to proceed, when I rose and enquired somewhat impatiently, how much further I had to walk, (for every single *Scotch* mile is invariably *two English,*) she said, with an encouraging smile, "*You'll soon be at the place now ;*" but turning quick on her heel to my friends, she continued, with an arch laugh, and a significant shake of the head, "*She has a guid long bit to gang for a' that.*"

In truth, there is no reliance to be placed in the distances in this country ; and the constant reply to the weary pedestrian is, "*One-mile and a wee bit,*" or "*twa miles and a wee bit,*" which invariably proves to be at least double the distance.

When, however, we came upon the scenery of the Caldron Linn, whose loud thunder, like that of Foyers, proclaimed its vicinity long before being seen, I was most amply rewarded for my temporary fatigue. This most extraordinary natural wonder, is formed of three distinct excavations, in an

insular rock, wild, magnificent, and sequestered from the haunts of men. The singular uniformity of these immense Caldrons, one would almost suppose the production of art, rather than that of time. How naturalists account for this spectacle, I am ignorant; but I should suppose, the immense body of water had perforated the rock, and formed these fantastic basins, full of water, and covered with a thick foam, as it perpetually boils up, accompanied with a din, almost deafening. Surely it was here that Hécate and her train exercised their spells and incantations, ere they rode the air, to the wild heath in Inverness-shire. Such caldrons, in a scene so rude, so solemn, so entirely formed for romantic fable, certainly conjured up a thousand fanciful images, and peopled this spot with inhabitants of ideal creation, who alone seemed to belong to it.

The Devon precipitates itself over these

"Low brow'd rocks,"

which

"Hang nodding o'er the deep,"

and are fantastically festooned with trees.

It is related, that some years ago a young advocate of Edinburgh, by rashly bending over the rocky bank, to look into the caldron, was precipitated into its fathomless abyss. But a benevolent Drayad disappointed the expecting Naiad, by extending a twig, which hung over her watery bower, and saved him from destruction.

We proceeded from this wonderful natural curiosity to the Rumbling Brig, and Devil's Mill. The brig was formed some years since, of a rude plank, thrown over a steep woody chasm; and though a most romantic, yet dangerous pass. There is now a handsome stone bridge erecting. Indeed, it is so nearly finished, that the Lord Chief Baron's carriage passed over it, about a fortnight ago. This romantic glen ought to be visited before the Caldron Linn, for its appearance strikes the beholder with less admiration, than it justly merits, from the impression still vivid on the mind, of the Linn, which I must consider is beyond compare the first natural curiosity I have seen in Scotland, Foyers not excepted.

The Devil's Mill is a wild scene of wood, rock, and water. The river Devon precipitating itself in a turbulent cascade over the rocks, from a height of twenty feet, into a bed of stone, accompanied by a noise, which beats time in so singular a manner, as to resemble the clack of a mill, without any visible cause for a din so extraordinary. This yet unaccounted-for sound of the falling waters is, with severe and almost judical respect for the sabbath, which still exists among the common people of Scotland, set as a mark of reprobation; and working, as it does on Sunday, as regularly as through the week, they have, on that account, named this falling stream, the *Devil's Mill.*

We returned to Stirling by the old town of Alloa, laying in a low situation on the banks of the Forth. A large coal-trade is carried on here; and the adjacent neighbourhood is surrounded by collieries, which, from the smoke and fires, render it very disagreeable. Yet I looked at Alloa with a considerable degree of interest.

It was here that my uncle, the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, (the author of Sermons to Young Women,) first began his career in life, which was afterwards so distinguished; and in the pulpit of Alloa gave the early promise of that eloquence, which was considered perfectly Ciceronian, and drew on him a reputation for oratory, which the sacred function he filled seemed to breathe the spirit of inspiration into, not merely in his language, but writings.

The character of Edie Ochiltree, which forms so conspicuous a figure in the Antiquary, excited a strong desire to behold, during my rambles, one of those privileged beggars, called in this country, the *King's Bedes-man*, or the *Blue-Gowns*. While on a visit with Bishop Gregg's amiable family, one of those singular-looking persons, a venerable gray-headed man, who had numbered more than seventy years, feeble in his gait, and full of the garrulity of old age, appeared at the Bishop's door. He was drest exactly as Edie is described in the Antiquary; a long blue gown co-

vered his figure, with a pewter badge on the right arm, and wallets hung over his shoulder, which were filled with benefactions. It is the custom never to turn these licenced beggars from the door empty handed. On every birth-day of His Majesty they receive as many pennies as the years of our gracious King. I acknowledge that my attention was forcibly led to inquire into this extraordinary class of beggars, by thus accidentally meeting with one of them. But their origin is of so distant a date, and involved in so much obscurity, that after the most diligent enquiry, all that I could learn of them was from a very intelligent gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Edinburg, who could procure me only the following imperfect account:

The number of licenced beggars, known for ages by the name of "Blue-Gowns," corresponds with the number of years of the life of the reigning sovereign. They are appointed by His Majesty's Almoner for Scotland, who names them once a year,

on the King's birth-day; and in all cases of vacancies, he invariably gives the preference to persons in extreme poverty, who are maimed or blind, and who present to him certificates of character for sobriety and honesty. On their appointment, they are enrolled in a book kept by the almoner, who gives to each of them a gown of blue cloth, with a badge, on which is inscribed the words, "*pass and re-pass*," and the name of the person thus preferred. The benefit which each Blue-gown receives, is the gift of a new gown annually, with a penny for each year of the King's life; and the distinction has always been highly prized by these beggars, from an understanding, that the badge gives them the privilege of begging, without challenge or interruption.

The almoner requires, yearly, a certificate of good character from each of these mendicants, signed by the minister of the parish; and when such certificate is not produced, the person is invariably struck off the almoner's roll, and one of good

character substituted in his place. If complaint is at any time made to the almoner, of the improper conduct of any of the Blue-gowns, such person is, on conviction, instantly deprived of his gown, and struck off the almoner's roll. It is to the credit of these poor men that instances of complaint against them very rarely occur.

A most respectable society lately established in Edinburgh, for suppressing begging, considered it their duty to endeavour to suppress also the institution of the Blue-gowns. An investigation accordingly took place, which led to an enquiry into the institution, but its antiquity was so remote as to baffle the most diligent research; neither the records, nor the ancient statutes of Scotland, which were carefully examined, threw light upon the origin of the institution; and though some of the early statutes recognize the existence of licenced beggars, they do not define the cause which had induced the legislature to grant these licences, nor the description of persons who were entitled to receive them.

Thus I am assured, that the Court of Exchequer in Scotland have, on different occasions, protected these Blue-gowns from being apprehended and confined as vagrants; and that the Court feels disposed to protect this very ancient, and in my opinion, very respectable institution.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dunchattan, near Glasgow.
September.

TIME devoted to partial friendship, can only individually interest, and has at present led me to a place wholly unconnected with my Tour. Yet what a flood of joy does the renewal of intercourse afford with those whom destiny has long separated. How does the heart glow with delight when the same objects re-appear, where hours of happiness were formerly spent, and those tender sensations again arise, which having slept for a period, spring into new-born existence. Ah! how sweet, as you so well know, my dear friend, is it, to associate with those whose taste, sentiment, and affections combine to strew with roses the thorny paths of life; and uniting with all the rich powers of conver-

sation, the endearing virtues of the heart, shut out the world and its cares for a period, creating a sort of terrestrial paradise, at once imposing and sweet.

In the distance of twenty-eight miles between Stirling and Glasgow, much classic ground is travelled over. The town of Dunblane is now reduced to a mere village, yet not a poor one; and the rural simplicity of the cottages, seem to me, in unison with the placid humility the general scene inspires. Over it, the guardian spirit of Leighton appears still to hover; and the glow of beauty and abundance, which now adorns the environs, seem to add gratitude to humility. The sanctity, severe yet pure, of Bishop Leighton, renders his memory hallowed, in the library which he founded, and the cathedral in which he officiated.

The ruins of the cathedral of Dunblane are of the light and purest gothic architecture. Contrary to the practice of the destroyers of Scotch religious houses in general, the quire was spared, and is now

the parish church, in which the stalls of the dean and chapter, or at least, part of them, still remain. Some years ago, and perhaps even still, the solitary figure of a bishop, in the attitude of blessing the people, similar to those which abound in the old cathedrals in England, remained on the roof of what had been the quire. The nave of the church had been long unroofed, and the walls were fast falling to ruin, until some years ago that a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, together with Lord Glenbervie, and perhaps others, subscribed liberally to preserve them at least in the state in which they then were. Whether they got any aid from government for this pious, or as others will call it, superstitious purpose, I know not; but I believe they did not. The last bishop of Dunblane, who long survived the Revolution and the overthrow of the episcopal church, as an establishment in Scotland, was of the same family with Lord Glenbervie.

The pious and ascetic Leighton was Bishop of Dunblane before Bishop Doug-

las, and founded a library in that city for the use of the diocese. He left to it all his own books, as I believe Bishop Douglas left his; and it is now the best theological library that I know in Scotland; the library of the Universities, and Advocates in Edinburgh excepted. It is now under the management of the Presbytery of Dunblane, and some gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Its funds are but small, and can hardly afford to support a librarian, and purchase many expensive books; but I cannot say that I think the curators of late always employed these funds in the best manner for promoting the object of the pious founder.

The present minister of Dunblane, who is *ex officio* episcopal curate, has indeed been more attentive than his predecessor to that object; for, during his incumbency I cannot learn that any novel has found its way into the library.

I have said that Bishop Leighton was ascetic. There is a sequestered walk near Dunblane, called at this day the Bishop's

Walk, because he frequented it; and such was the veneration for his character, that, as he was known to love solitude, no one obtruded himself on the prelate's privacy there. One day, however, the widow of a poor clergyman, to whose support, and that of her children, his lordship had liberally contributed, broke in upon his retirement. The good woman seems to have thought it impossible that the bishop could bestow so much money on her from motives perfectly disinterested; but she appears to have thought it likewise very strange that he should delay so long to say what his motives and views were. He was naturally surprised at her intruding into a place where no one intruded on him, and asked her eagerly if her children were all well, or what had befallen her? She replied, that "they were all well, but that she could not be at rest till she had told his lordship a *revelation* which had been made to her." "A *revelation* made to *you!*" exclaimed the astonished bishop. "Yes, my lord," said the woman: "It was revealed to me that

your lordship and I were about to be married." "Indeed!" replied the prelate," "No such revelation, however, has yet been made to me; and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it be revealed to both parties."

The other place worthy of remark is St. Ninians Bannochburn, and within five miles of Glasgow, the spot where your heroic Wallace was basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and his life ignominiously sacrificed, after being so gloriously devoted to his country.

Glasgow is a very flourishing city, and in point of commerce and opulence, is considered one of the first in the kingdom. It is thought in appearance to resemble a continental town, in its long and spacious streets, numerous spires, and handsome stone buildings. The Lunatic Asylum, lately erected, is a noble edifice. No stranger can visit this asylum for the most pitiable of all mankind, without a sentiment of the most pleasing satisfaction, in beholding their me-

lancholy condition ameliorated, as far as the utmost tenderness and humane treatment will admit. Comfort, cleanliness, and wholesome food, is afforded to the unhappy patients; and such judicious indulgence, except in hopeless and violent cases, that many salutary cures have been effected.

Being a Sunday in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, I made one in the vast multitude, now attracted to the Trone church to hear the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. Never did I behold so crowded an assemblage of persons, on so sacred an occasion. Long before the service commenced, the church was thronged to excess, and people of the first condition were satisfied with standing-room in the aisles. The silence was so profound, as to give additional solemnity to the sacred occasion. The use of an organ would be considered an innovation, as inconsistent with the rigid simplicity of the followers of John Knox; but notwithstanding the absence of one, when hundreds of voices

unite in the song of praise to the Almighty, the effect is touching and sublime.

Dr. Chalmers, who is at present the boast and ornament of the Scotch church, gratified me exceedingly, by hearing eloquence of a very superior order, consecrated to its best and highest purposes, in the discourse which he delivered.

I expected to be pleased and edified, and I was so; but, after so much preparation, could not expect to be, as I was, surprised, very much surprised, at the boundless power of real genius, which, even in this fastidious critical age, achieves such unlimited power over the mind, without any of the accompaniments which so often usurp its name, and to vulgar minds supply its place. Dr. Chalmers is popular, while avoiding, and seemingly disdaining the arts which many consider as essential to popularity. No grace of appearance, or manner, no melody of voice, nothing in appearance, that conveys the idea of dignity or elegance. In short, his power over the will, and even the affections, is a

victory over prejudice, and every visible obstacle. He owes nothing to any extraneous aid whatever. It is the genius of a logician, a poet (for there is much poetry without numbers), an astronomer, a mathematician, a powerful intellect, in short, which, after grasping all human science, soars beyond it, inflamed by zeal, and exalted by pure Christianity. No man can sink lower in familiar simplicity of diction, without touching the level of vulgarity; no man can rise higher, where "the grandeur of his subject is his muse," without once approaching the borders of bombast, or false sublimity. He is always clear, because he goes directly to the point in view, without deviating in search of studied effect. He is always impressive, because he evidently speaks from the heart, as well as from the understanding. His figures and illustrations, the spontaneous and sudden powers, or fruits of a bright and vigorous imagination, illuminate his subject, and enchain attention. It is the privilege of true and high genius, to

exercise this engrossing power, over minds capable of reflecting its light. What a blessing it is to humanity, when such talents are exercised to the noblest purposes, and when commensurate virtues add force to science so powerful.

It has been for some time lamented, that the church of Scotland, rich in pastors, who, with complete learning and exemplary diligence, instruct their people in sound doctrine, unforced by good example, has rather sunk, in regard to genius. Of these extraordinary persons, who are born to live beyond the limits of mortality, even in the present world, none have appeared since the days of Robertson, Blair, Erskine, and Henry. But the few of the remaining cotemporaries, who have witnessed the rising of this new star, acknowledge its brightness, and rejoice in its growing celebrity.

Mr. Henry Mackenzie, always celebrated for the elegance and purity of his literary taste, and now venerated, as I before observed, as a veteran in letters, and

the only remaining light of a constellation of Scottish genius, bore testimony to the merits I have endeavoured feebly to describe. In a meeting of the Literary Society in Edinburgh, he stood forth, and in an eulogium, full of spirit, and all his wonted elegance, paid his tribute of admiration to this extraordinary person.

LETTER XXIX.

Arbroath, or Aberbrothwick, September.

RETURNING to Stirling from Glasgow, and proceeding thence to Perth, I passed a day at Kinnoul Manse, where I met with another rustic bard, whose simple and pathetic lays pleased me exceedingly. But Scotland is the land of poetry and romance, as I before remarked to you, and awakens the song of the muses with a tenderness and beauty, its scenes are continually formed to excite.

In the vicinity of Perth, on the banks of the Almond, embosomed by a cypress grove, are the tombs of Bessie Bell and Mary Grey, famed in story, but not till now in ballad; the poetic effusion of a common gardener, at Kinnoul, of the

name of Duff.* This classic ground is also highly interesting, from being the residence of the gallant Colonel Graham, Lord Lyndoch of Balgouan, whose deep affliction on the death of his lady led him to quit his country, and enter the army, where his bravery and important services in the late war, are well known.

" Alone, forsaken, life's fond bus'ness o'er,
Where shall he turn? To Albion's dreary shore?
Bend his sad pilgrimage to Almond's grove,
And meet in every shade departed love?
No, hence unfeeling softness, better, far,
To court fresh duties, plunge in boist'rous war;
Bid danger hush the sigh of fond regret,
And in his country's cause his own forget.

That bold address, that cool discerning mind,
Till now to scenes of sylvan war confin'd;
Their object chang'd, a nobler sphere assert,
And on a wider scale their pow'r exert.
From scene to scene his native valour hastes,
When dangers threaten, and when famine wastes.†"

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* See the ballad in the Appendix.

† Lord Lyndoch, then Mr. Graham, after the death of his lady, embarked in a ship belonging to the Mediterranean fleet, and arrived at Toulon

I have scarcely seen any thing more perfectly beautiful, during the whole of my excursion, than the stage from Perth to Dundee, travelling through what is denominated the *Carse of Gowrie*, signifying low clayey grounds. The plains were covered with boundless corn-fields, and even the hills were partially covered with the golden grain. The eye was gladdened with multitudes of reapers, chiefly women, (who cut the corn as generally as men) employed in gathering in the harvest, not

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during the time it was in possession of the Allies. While there, though not then a soldier by profession, he sent all the aid he could to the arms of his country, which was acknowledged by Lord Mulgrave in a letter in the London Gazette. On Col. Graham's return to Britain, he raised the 90th regiment, and devoted himself wholly to military duties. After an uninterrupted succession of services rendered to this country, and her allies, on the coast of France, Italy, Minorca, and Sicily, he was entrusted with the important charge of conducting the siege of Malta, which he executed with the highest professional skill.

here, as amongst the Campsie hills, wearing the most sickly and cheerless aspect, levelled to the ground, drenched in rain, and much of the corn as green as in the beginning of summer.

Nothing in nature can be more rich and fertile than this partial district. The meandering Tay, broad and pellucid, has scattered on its borders, at every half mile, magnificent seats of the nobility and gentry, whose fine woods add luxuriance to a scene, gay, populous, and beautiful beyond description. It is impossible to ennumerate all the variety of places which I passed. The situation of Lord Gray's, at the foot of the rocky hill of Kinnoul, and the old ruinous castle of Wymes, with its broad antique towers, peeping above the trees which embower it, and backed by the bare elevations of Fifeshire, together with the baronial-looking mansion of Mayinich, particularly pleased me, from their noble and picturesque aspect. At the village of Invergowrie, the Tay assumes almost the magnificence of a lake, it becomes so

broad, and then forms itself into a deep bay. The windings of the river, amid the rich valley, encircled with the fine sweep of hills, renders an aquatic excursion truly pleasant on a fine summer's day, in the steam-boat, a cheap and safe conveyance. These boats have become very universal over all Scotland. There are several now established at Glasgow, which, sailing thence to Inverary, takes in all the magnificent scenery on the borders of the Clyde, the picturesque views of Loch Lomond, and one beautiful lake succeeds to another the whole of the distance to Inverary, gliding on these transparent waters, between some of the grandest hills in North Britain. Every accommodation and comfort are afforded on board these boats, as well as amusement for the passengers. Books, cards, chess-boards, and an excellent table is provided, at a very moderate expense. Numberless pleasurable parties were formed in them, during the summer, in preference to land conveyance.

On the shore opposite Invergarvie, is

distinctly seen the original tower of Abernethy, the only Pictish one, except that of Brechen, now in Scotland. I here took leave of the fertile *Carse of Gowrie*, and entered Forfarshire. The scenery, all the road to Dundee, continued of the same lively aspect, the Tay becoming broader and broader, until it enters the excellent harbour of the handsome populous town of Dundee, or *Bonnie Dundee*, as it is denominated in an old song. Dundee is a very considerable place, and the fourth borough in Scotland. The buildings are irregular, but though some are of great antiquity, yet there are many handsome modern ones, and the new church is a superb structure, at least, when compared with the few there are in Scotland of that description, except the remaining cathedrals; some of which, after their partial demolition, were converted into the presbyterian kirk. The venerable gothic tower of the old church is a very conspicuous and stately object. It was founded by David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the First of Scot-

land, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, after his return from his third crusade against the Saracens. Being shipwrecked, he vowed to build a magnificent church to the Virgin, at the first place where he should effect a landing, which was at Dundee. The Pope is said to have ordered contributions, to assist in the pious work.

It is recorded, that in this town, your intrepid Wallace received his education; and, in after-years, amongst his various exploits, destroyed the castle, and recovered the town from the English garrison of King Edward the First.

Aberbrothic, or Arbroath, possessed two points of attraction to induce me to pay it a visit. The venerable monastery, considered equal in architectural beauty, or, I should rather say, in mouldering decay, to the superb ruins of Elgin Cathedral; but more particularly as being the interesting scene in the Antiquary, denominated *Fair Port*, to which description it is thought to bear so striking an analogy, it cannot be mistaken.

The town is situated on the small river Brothwick, which flows into the German Ocean. Along the coast extends a series of rocks, in some parts excavated, presenting very singular caverns; and certainly recalled the interesting description in the Antiquary, which must be so powerfully impressed on your memory, it is superfluous to recur to it.

There is an air of bold magnificence in the scenery here, which corresponds with the rude antiquity of the venerable abbey, and a sequestered quiet in the small town, which may not unfairly characterise Arbroath as *Fair-Port.* Indeed, its vicinity to the Bell Rock, which, at the distance of three leagues, emerges from the sea, seems to affix the certainty of Fair-Port and Arbroath being one and the same place. Arbroath is also one of the few fishing-towns in Scotland, where the genuine turbot is called the *bannoch fluke*, and the lump fish, the *cock padle.*

I was informed (but remember it is only a *gossip's story)* that some of the neigh-

bouring families had ordered their letters to be directed to an adjacent post-town, from trifling irregularities in the one at Arbroath having been detected, a stigma one would not, however, chuse to affix to any place, without the circumstance having happened to oneself.

Arbroath has somewhat the appearance of an English town, from the houses being built of a reddish stone, and possessing a neat and substantial look. The streets are well paved, clean, and very agreeable to walk in. The Trades'-hall, Town-hall, and Guild-hall, are all handsome buildings; on the ground-floor of the latter, is a subscription library, and coffee-room.

The monastery stands proudly pre-eminent in grandeur, on a rising ground, and must formerly have been of great extent. Yet, to my taste, it does not possess that imposing air of picturesque beauty, which distinguishes Elgin, beyond any structure of the sort I have ever beheld. To prevent this venerable pile from

going further to decay, it is undergoing repair; but the old and the new are so injudiciously blending, I am afraid it will completely spoil the aspect of that fine and ancient grandeur it once possessed in so striking a degree. Sad depredations had formerly, and sacrilegiously been committed, in carrying away large masses of stones, of which I am informed a great part of the town is built, by plundering the venerable abbey. It is believed, amongst the superstitious vulgar, that none of the stones of the abbey, in falling, can hurt the inhabitants, if passing beneath the building at the time, from the veneration in which they held the monastery.

The series of rocks are composed of red sand-stone, and on this coast are to be found onyxes, jaspers, agates, and cornelians.

Arbroath Monastery was founded by William the Lion in 1172, and dedicated to the memory of Thomas of Becket, by whom it was amply endowed.

The last abbot was Cardinal Beaton,

who, for his magnificence, may justly be denominated the Wolsey of Scotland. This was the richest monastery in the kingdom.

In the Chapter-house, contained in a box, are the bones of William the Lion, which were collected on opening his coffin a few months since, where they were found in a scattered mutilated state, the skull laying at the bottom of the coffin; which gave evidence that freedom had been used in opening this sacred repository of the dead.

The Bell Rock Light-house, a few leagues from Arbroath, stands on a high point of land, and is a great protection to mariners, many of whom were formerly shipwrecked on this dangerous coast. There is a fine building erected for the accommodation of the family belonging to the light-house, with a signal tower, which communicates to and fro, and was built by the commissioners for the relief of distressed mariners, and is always flooded nine feet at high water.

LETTER XXX.

Langley Park, near Montrose, September.

THE distance of twelve miles from Arbroath to Montrose, is through an extensive corn country, with a continued view of the sea, which opens into the small, but beautiful Bay of Lunan, encompassed by several high points of land. On the most elevated, stands Red Castle, built by William the Lion, and occasionally visited as a hunting seat by His Majesty. These various promontories are designated, *Court Hill*, *Hawk Hill*, and *Kinleth-ment*, or *King's blythe Hill*; the latter being the spot where His Majesty is supposed to have feasted his nobles. The others are of equally appropriate names, from the King holding his courts on the one, and the other used for hawking.

Montrose is entirely peninsulated, and thought somewhat to resemble a Flemish town, from the gable-end of the houses being chiefly built facing the street, which in truth is too much the case in many of the Scotch towns, and takes from that lively aspect our villages possess. The heavy stone buildings are gloomy and cheerless, as well as mean in their appearance. The principal street is long and spacious; and the noble bridge thrown over the Esk, which flows into the German Ocean, and at high-tide spreads itself into the form of a magnificent lake, rather than a river, renders the situation of Montrose bold and commanding.

The wild grandeur of the insular caves scattered along the rocky shores of this coast, between Arbroath and Lunan Bay, deserve the investigation of the naturalist. Two miles from the former place, one is shewn, containing two apartments, to which belongs a singular tradition. Some centuries ago, the surrounding country was the property of a laird, called Seaton, who

possessed an amiable wife, and a son grown to manhood. An illicit attachment, however, to another lady, which it was requisite to conceal, suggested the idea of fitting up this cave for her reception, to which he daily carried provisions and whatever else he thought would contribute to her comfort in so desolate and rude a dwelling. His visits continued for some time uninterrupted and unsuspected; but at length his son, struck with the frequency of his father's nocturnal rambles, watched him closely, and following him to the cave, discovered the attraction which led to the desertion of his mother. His father, unconscious of having been watched, remained with the lady the usual time, and then returned home. The following evening, on renewing his visit, great was his astonishment and dismay to find the lady had disappeared. No traces of whither she had gone, or what was her fate, was ever discovered; but the most likely conjecture is, in my opinion, that the young man had revenged his mother's injury, by

giving her a watery grave. From the above tradition, this subterraneous dwelling retains to this day the name of the *Lady's Cave.*

This story is so authentic as to be upon record in the Session-books of St. Vigian's, in the neighbouring parish.

From Langley Park, Montrose is seen to great advantage. The South Esk flowing in beautiful tranquillity through the valley, is bordered with a diversity of seats, which being constantly occupied by the nobility and gentry of this populous neighbourhood, gives an air of social cheerfulness to this district, which, in a less inhabited neighbourhood, is greatly missed by the partially scattered inhabitants. Another important advantage is derived from gentlemen of large property living upon their own estates, which forcibly struck me, the amended and comfortable condition of the lower classes of the community. The cottages of the peasantry in the vicinity of Montrose are all neat, clean, and comfortable, not merely in exterior, but internally.

The lattices are covered with woodbines, and grass-plots border the doors. I expressed to my friend Mrs. C———, the pleasure afforded to the eye by so considerable an amendment, when she informed me no tenant was suffered to retain possession longer than while they kept their houses and adjoining premises in neat order, and cultivated their small gardens. When the least appearance of dirt and disorder was visible, they forfeited their tenure, and were immediately turned out. Did all the nobility and gentry throughout Scotland excite this laudable ambition, to preserve neatness (to which comfort they begin to be alive) how rapid would become the progress in improvement, even in the remotest and most uncivilized parts of the Highlands; and how cheering and rural would the aspect of the meanest cottage become.

My visit here has proved a source of high enjoyment. I have before made the trite but just remark, that juvenile friendships awaken, on the renewal, a thousand

tender association of ideas, and are peculiarly gratifying to the heart. The lady of Mr. C—— is the daughter of Professor Gerard, the early cotemporary of my uncle's, the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, and David, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Marishal College of Aberdeen. Professor Gerard was a gentleman whose genuine piety dignified the pulpit which he adorned, and whose elegant erudition was ably displayed in his *Essay on Taste*, on which theme the Rev. Mr. Alison (whose daughter is become a member of the Gerard family), has also highly distinguished himself in his finished illustration of a subject so partially known and little felt.

LETTER XXXI.

Dunfermline, October.

I DATE this Letter from the abode of genius, of no ordinary class; and if the power of description could be caught by contagion, it would convey to you a very lively and accurate picture of "*Dunfermline grey*," as the Border Minstrel calls it; for I write from the dwelling of the author of "Clan Albin." If you have read her book, you must recognize in it that glow of pure and virtuous feeling which is the genuine emanation of a warm and good heart. It possesses other merits, which can only be duly estimated by the initiated; I mean those who have lived in the Highlands, and being acquainted with its language and manners, are qualified to judge of the faithful resemblance of the picture

which she has drawn. These romantic regions, and no less romantic inhabitants, with all their warm affections, and poetic habits of thinking, afford a fine subject for description. And these natives of the mountains, on whose veracity and judgment I can equally depend, assure me, her account is executed with correct fidelity. This engaging young woman appears to me as simple and natural in her manners, as elegant and pure in her mind, and every way calculated to illustrate her description of the gentle and modest virtues in the female character.

This ancient and interesting place, once the seat of royalty, and which might justly be denominated the Windsor of Scotland, is now become a melancholy picture of the revolution which time effects in the ruinous desolation spread around. The venerable remains of the stately palace, resting on a steep elevation, is

"Now obscur'd
By sordid moss, and ivy creeping leaf.*

* The only Scottish ruin I saw covered with ivy.

The princely palace and stupendous fane,
Magnificent in ruin, nod. When Time,
From under tumbling architraves hath mov'd
The column down, and cleft the pond'rous stone."

* * * * * * *

" Dunfermline old, th' abode of Scottish kings,
Who erst a welcome gave to those forlorn,
By lawless force expell'd, from England's throne.
There also royal Edward lodg'd in state,
Attended by his court and barons bold;
He grac'd these royal walls, nor e'er could boast,
More princely mansion in his native land.
'Twas there the royal martyr first beheld,
In infant years, the pleasing beams of light;
And joyful view'd these hills and winding streams,
The Forth, Edina, Stirling seen afar,
And all the beauties of the shining scene,
For him, of life, how bright the morning beam'd !"

CRERIE.

No spot appears more entirely calculated for monastic seclusion than Dunfermline. Formerly the walls of the abbey and palace covered a vast extent of that ground, which is now a great part of the town. The deep sequestered woods in which the palace rests, are full of solemn beauty. The high embowering trees almost overshadow

the mouldering walls, and give a pensive gloom in unison with the character of the ruin, while the trees clad in their variegated autumnal robes, are rich in all the glow of luxuriant beauty.

The south aspect of the palace is now merely a ruinous and solitary wall, containing two rows of mutilated windows. One of the higher ones belonged to the apartment which Charles the First inhabited. A singular tradition is related, which shews the dark superstition of those times.

When the royal infant was first taken from his mother's chamber, and placed in his cradle, in the adjoining room, the window suddenly burst open, with a tremendous noise, and a crimson sheet floating in, envelopped the cradle, and shrowded the babe as far as the throat. His Majesty, on being informed of the cause of the noise, prophesied that the child would end his days in blood. On learning that the sheet or mantle reached to the throat, he said that he would lose his head.

The rude stone figures above a high window in the old palace wall, and near the chamber in which King Charles was born, is the Salutation of the Virgin, and bears date A. D. 1100; supposed to be the oldest date extant, in Arabic characters, in Scotland. Between the figures of the angel and the Virgin, are the arms of Queen Margaret, said to be the most ancient armorial bearings extant in Britain. This once magnificent palace is situated in a romantic dell, through which flows a sparkling stream, called Tower-burn, from the Tower of Malcolm Canmore standing on an elevation deeply sequestered, and surrounded by the water of Lyne.

The profound solitude of the place, and the solemn silence which reigned amid the deep shade of the woods, waving over the magnificent ruin, gave a sublimity to the scene, that seemed to shut out the world, and breathe a sanctity over the place, which carried the imagination back to those ages when it was peopled with the illus-

trious personages of whom tradition affords so many interesting records. The history of Queen Margaret abounds with the most striking events; and here her memory is not only held in the highest veneration, but she actually was worshipped as a saint. Indeed, at the remote period in which she lived, when the infusion of knowledge was scarcely known in the female character, she must have been looked on as a prodigy in learning; and her piety was of so high an order, that miracles were continually ascribed to her. In a street, called *Maygate*, (*May*, in the low-land tongue signifies a *maid*), Queen Margaret was accustomed to assemble all the young women on the first of May, and walk with them in procession to a farm called Brankholm, where she gave them a rural repast of curds and cream.

Two miles from the town is a huge stone, bearing her name, and having a large indenture, said to retain the impression of her foot, from the tide of the Forth having

the courtesy to flow with her to this spot, where her landing after shipwreck was effected, and then receded back to its usual boundary.

The street called Palace-place, presents to great advantage the old gothic arched gate-way, and small spiral tower, rising close behind it. What was formerly the monastery, adjoining the palace, is separated by this ancient gate-way, and cavities in the wall mark the cells of the monks. The monastery was founded by Malcolm Canmore, of the order of St. Benedict, but the monks were said to have been originally Culdees.

It is, perhaps, worthy of notice, that Dunfermline is remarkable, for the origin of the *Seceders*. The famous *Erskines* first displayed in this place the banners of the testimony.

In the May-gate, over the door of what was once the abbot's house, is the following inscription:

"Since word is thrall, and thought is free,
Keep well thy tongue, I council thee."

A female, with whom he is said to have been illicitly connected, occasioned the above whimsical lines.

The ancient church used for divine service has much the appearance of a decayed cathedral, the nave being supported with rows of massy pillars; the pews are awkwardly jumbled together, and the place has a most forlorn look, from negligence in keeping it in order and repair. I was told, that in this church a remnant of popish ceremony is still used; I mean that of penance. Not long ago, a person had been seen clad in a sheet, on the stool of repentance. This exhibition, seems to me, strangely incongruous in a church which will admit of no ceremonies whatever.

I was much pleased with the ingenious mode of weaving the damask, which is manufactured with much perfection at Dunfermline.

It is not without a feeling of regret, I

take, most probably, my final leave of a place which has given me such an interesting acquaintance, and been productive of two days of intellectual enjoyment, such as I have rarely experienced.

LETTER XXXII.

St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, October.

I AM now, my dear friend, arrived at the last point of my Tour, and just in time for the Caledonian Races, once the only diversion which cheered the inhabitants of this high-minded country with recollections of departed royalty, since Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards successive queens of England, kept a little court in Holyrood House. These races might be considered as an annual festival, where all the great and gay of the kingdom were assembled, where the new equipage of the day, and the new beauty of the season, were first exhibited, and where the politics and fashion of the ensuing year were settled; besides marriages, the first ac-

quaintance which led to them, often beginning in this centre of general attraction.

There the possessor of Asiatic wealth first publicly displayed his importance, and there, also the "haughty feudal Thane," as publicly despised it. The Scotch nobility, whom their duties or their pleasures kept all the winter in the metropolis, hurried down to this great meeting, which annually appeared like the ghost of the departed court, to remind the Scotch, that they were once an independent nation. From this recollection, the lenient hand of Time has drained the bitterness; and when those who had witnessed the last faded splendour of Holyrood House were "quietly inurned," their successors tasted joy without alloy, during the festival, when, in the gay month of July, all that in Scotland could produce splendour, elegance, and beauty, were assembled on the sands of Leith, to the no small delight, not only of the actors in that brilliant scene, but also of the

plebeian crowd assembled to be witnesses. The Isthmian games scarcely excited a stronger sensation in Greece than these equestrian contests produced in the frugal north; for there, public amusements, on an expensive scale, were formerly of rare occurrence. Though the superior pleasure of social intercourse and intelligent conversation were perhaps more generally understood and cultivated than in any other part of the island. The thoughts of the young and the gay were, for half a year before, occupied with the appearance they were to make at the races, and still more at the pre-eminent ball given by the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, distinguished by the title of the Hunters' Ball. To be admitted to this truly happy meeting was a mark of gentility, sufficient for life. Never to have been at the Hunters' Ball was a melancholy blank, of which none chose to be reminded. This gala lived as long in recollection as in anticipation, not being obliterated by other splendid gaieties. But

these glories were, like all others, destined to decay, after enjoying their undiminished pre-eminence for more than a century. With awakened industry, came wealth, and with wealth luxury, its varied gratifications and its wonted and vapid fickleness. The amusements which the craving appetite of wealth and idleness required, divided the attention; pleasures becoming more common, were no longer poignant; and the satiated appetite for enjoyment was rendered fastidious. By the new lights which frequent intercourse with the south afforded to the hardy simplicity of the natives, they discerned that they had, for a hundred years past, been running horses over sinking sands, very ill calculated for the purpose, and dancing in a season when they should have been courting the zephyrs in some cool recess in their country retreats. Shocked at the discovery of this gothic barbarism, in which they had blindly persisted for a whole century, they abandoned the sands to the sea-nymphs, and a few veteran jockeys, who, either for

their sake, or that of the king's plate, continued constant to the "*yellow sands.*" Gay provincial meetings succeeded, where little was lost or won, but an agreeable pretext afforded for the respectable families to meet and spend a happy week together in their respective county towns. Whether the distinction which their countrymen have acquired in the late wondrous fields of glory, or the no less lasting laurels which they have recently gained in the fairer region of intellect, has renovated the proud national feeling? or whether is it from some other motive, that the leaders of fashion resolved, with one consent, to revive the wonted festival in all its ancient splendour? With a little alteration of time and place, calculated to obviate the formidable objections which proved fatal to the ancient games, this great meeting took place at this period, on the Links of Musselburgh. *Links* is one of the significant Scotch terms which cannot be literally translated into the vulgar tongue. It generally implies a piece of hard or gravelly ground, adapted

for some manly exercises, such as the golf, foot-ball, &c., and is usually left unoccupied in the vicinity of every town for such purposes. People of old, came from all quarters to this meeting. The bustle created in towns, the number of handsome carriages occupied by persons of condition, and fashionables, is far beyond what we could have imagined possible to be met with, at such a distance from our great capital. All, too, were in the highest good humour. The young, from the exuberant spirits natural to their time of life; the old, from a secret complacency at seeing the customs of their early days revived, with a modification which even those sages allowed to be an improvement, regarding both the season and the ground.

To attempt a description of the races would be to no purpose, except to display my ignorance of the subject. A Scotch horse-race seems to resemble an English one, except in the want of bets, picking of pockets, and quarrelling. But

the Scotch, of late years, have shewn such a readiness in adopting our customs, that it is probable these refinements will not escape the observation and imitation of that sagacious people.

It would be unjust to the genius of an actor, and the taste of the audience, to omit mentioning, that Mr. Kean's theatrical talents formed the principal attraction of the race-week; and even surpassed that expectation which had been raised to the highest pitch. The feeling of excellence is no where higher than in Edinburgh, but the experience of it is much stronger in London. One reason of this may be, that the theatre forms no part of the common amusement of the lower classes in Scotland. In short, in what is pre-eminently styled, the *intellectual city*, this actor exhibits his powers to an audience composed entirely of ladies or gentlemen, studious of the decorum of their characters, and unapt to lavish praise incautiously. They think it extremely inelegant to interrupt the actor in the cur-

rent of his feelings, and destroy the momentary illusion of the audience with noisy applause; and when any person attempts this transgression on good taste, he is immediately silenced by expressed disapprobation. They receive and dismiss a favourite performer with plaudits, more gratifying for not being rashly bestowed. Nothing could be more fervent than the applause conferred on this great tragedian, by an audience, of which *mob* formed no ingredient.

The chief of critics, in this region of criticism, had not words to express his admiration, but was obliged to have recourse to a poetical figure for that purpose. He said, "*That in Sir Giles Over-reach, the hero so completely realized the idea of fiendish wickedness, that he every moment expected horns to sprout from his forehead, and flames to issue from his mouth.*"

His Richard, his Othello, and his Hamlet, were all admired exceedingly. High excellence in this, as in other arts, con-

quers all obstacles. But, assuredly, the size of the theatre, and the very miscellaneous composition of the audience in London, afford greater room for the conquest of difficulties, than the fastidiousness which has been imputed to the small and select number which composes that of Edinburgh.

LETTER XXXIII.

St. Andrew's Square, October.

I SHALL now, my dear Miss Porter, conclude the account of an excursion which I shall always look back upon with pleasure, only inferior to that which the meeting with old friends, and the acquisition of new ones inspired, while I was journeying through the chill, yet cordial North, where kindly feelings and social virtues compensate for the ungenial climate, and those dark heaths and frowining mountains, which, while they repel or astonish the southern traveller, add beauty to the sunny slopes, to the sheltered glens, and native woods, that relieve with their romantic aspect and soft attractions, the general sterility which in some parts prevails.

Besides those incommensurable enjoyments afforded by friendship, on which "memory loveth to dwell," and which belong to that "spirit, with which a stranger intermeddleth not," there yet remains on my mind recollections, and a degree of satisfaction, which the all-wise and good must share. Those rapid improvements which have made the "desert blossom as the rose," and covered heaths, hitherto barren, with the shade of new plantations, and opened from sea to sea a safe path for the sails of commerce, and the exercise of industry; those various pursuits which furnish employment at home for the people who were wont in former times to waste their valour, their industry, and their intellects, in the service of foreign states; and, above all, the national and moral application of that wealth which the patient and strenuous exertions of individuals have brought home from our distant colonies, must fill every reflecting mind with the purest satisfaction. Seldom, very

seldom, does a Scotchman, returning with a fortune acquired in our eastern or western colonies, plunge into the dissipation of fashionable life. His first care is generally to refresh, with a gentle and well-proportioned shower of beneficence, the "dry domain" of his less fortunate kindred. His next, to purchase a spot, perhaps bleak and forlorn, which, at some remote period, belonged to his ancestors, or at least to his tribe. There the wonder-working power of wealth, co-operating with judgment and industry, soon displays itself, in changing the face of nature, enriching the plains, shading the hills, and turning blemishes into beauties, by a judicious application of that skill in landscape scenery, in which the British have hitherto been unequalled. The number of these new and flourishing establishments, and the agricultural science displayed in the three Lothians, seem at least a partial accomplishment of Aaron Hill's well-known prophecy sixty years since, when hope itself could scarce have

anticipated what now we see. Speaking of the prosperity and luxury of England, he says,

"Scotland comes after like an unripe fair,
Who sighs with anguish at her sister's air;
Unconscious she herself will have her day,
And be the toast when t'other's charms decay."

Averted be the last part of the prophecy; long may those ripened charms flourish in perennial bloom. But they have certainly attained their acmè of perfection. While those northern hills, on which the power of cultivation lies, and joys to see the "wonder of his hand," have something of novelty and freshness added to their native picturesque variety, which is very gratifying to taste as well as to benevolence, from the darker shades of the picture which rise in perspective to the "*mind's eye*," one willingly turns away.

That the stern mountain virtues will continue to flourish with equal vigour in a more cultivated soil, is too much to hope. That the piety, sagacity, frugality, intelli-

gence, and independent spirit of the low-land peasantry, will continue unimpaired, when national distinctions die away, is more desirable than likely. History, however, which, in other countries is accounted the school of princes, is here, in some measure, the school for peasants; for in no country are the lower classes so well acquainted with the opinions, the actions, and sufferings of their ancestors; or cling so friendly to those doctrines for which they made such costly sacrifices.

The only apology I have to offer to you, my friend, or to readers equally indulgent, for my prolixity, is, that being a native of Scotland, though not an inhabitant, more of the interior of the country lay open to my view. In short, that I have said more than others, because I actually had more to say.

I cannot bid you finally adieu, without again repeating how proud I feel in publicly testifying those sentiments of regard, springing from our early friendship; a friendship, which first existing between our

parents, has descended to their daughters; but is now founded rather on a knowledge of your intrinsic excellence, than on that high reputation which you have attained as an Author.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Seals.

"THE head, at some distance, resembles that of a dog, with his ears cut close; but when near, you see it has a long thick snout, a wide mouth, and the eyes sunk within the head. Altogether it has a most horrid look; insomuch, that if one were to paint a Gorgon's head, I think I could not find a more frightful model. As they swim, the head, which is high above the water, is continually moving from side to side, to discover danger. The body is horizontally flattish, and covered with a hairy skin, often very finely varied with spots. Beneath the skin is a deep spongy fat, something like that of the skinny part of a leg of mutton: from this they chiefly draw the oil. The fins, or feet, are very near the body, webbed like a duck, about twelve inches wide, but in shape very much like the hand of a man; when they feed as they swim, they stoop the head down to the fore foot. When they dive, they swim under water, I think I

may say a quarter of a mile together; and they dart after their prey with a surprising velocity, considering their bulk and the element they divide."

Letters from Scotland.

No. II.

Epitaph to the Memory of Archibald Fraser.

" This Stone is erected to the Memory of
The Hon. ARCHIBALD FRASER,
L.L.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. F.S A. &c. &c. &c.
Lord of Beaufort, Abertarf, and Loveth,
Soldier Maeshimi 38th
Nephew
To John Duke of Argyle,
Godson
To Archibald Duke of Argyle.
A.D. MDCCLXIV.

While upon a Diplomatic Mission to the Mahometan States of Africa, he, by Order of His most sacred Majesty George III. effected a Peace between those States, the Kingdom of Denmark and Republic of Venice. He procured Indemnification from the Empire of Russia for Depredations committed on the British Flag; and during his Ten Year's Stay in those Countries, he, by his King's Permission, re-

deemed Spanish, Portuguese, and Imperial Subjects, at the Expence to those Courts of Two Millions sterling, while not a single Briton was sold or taken into Slavery,

A.D. MDCCLXXXV.

He co-operated with James Duke of Montrose in restoring to the Highlanders the dress of their Ancestors

A.D. MDCCLXXXV.

He, at his own Expence, and in Person, surveyed the Fisheries on the West Coast of Scotland and the Hebrides, and petitioned for a Repeal of the Duties on Salt and Coals. He laboured to improve the Soil. He amended the Breed of Highland Oxen, and broke them into Harness. He encouraged the Manufactories of coarse Wool, Hemp, and Flax. He meliorated the Dairies; and by affording Employment to a hardy Race of Men, returned from serving their Country in the Wars, he repressed Emigration, and preserved to his Country their equally valuable Services in Peace.

After quelling Insurrections on the 18th of August, he planned the System of legally putting Arms into the Hands of Men of Property; and when the Country was threatened with Invasion, had the Satisfaction of seeing its Adoption and Efficacy."

No. III.

Epitome of Simon Lord Lovat.

"Simon, Son of Thomas of Beaufort, being out-lawed, lived in exile till the year 1714; he then obtained remission; next year got the life-rent escheat of Preston Hall, and an annual pension of £300; in 1730 the honours were adjudged to him by the Court of Session. He was made captain of an independent Highland regiment; paid a sum of money to Preston Hall's son, for his right to the estate; but his behaviour in 1745 and 1746 brought him to the block in April 1747; and his estate was forfeited, and honours extinguished."

Culloden Papers.

No. IV.

Epitaph on Lord Lovat's Monument at Kirkhill.

"To the memory of Thomas Lord Fraser of Lovat, who chose rather to undergo the greatest hardship of fortune, than to part with the antient honours of his house; and bore those hardships with an undaunted fortitude of mind. This monument was erected

by Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, his son, who likewise having undergone many and great vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, through the malice of his enemies; He, in the end, at the head of his clan, forced his way to his paternal inheritance with his sword in his hand, and relieved his kindred and followers from oppression and slavery; and both at home and in foreign countries, by his eminent actions in the war and state, he acquired great honour and reputation.

"Hic tegit ossa lapis Simonis fortis in armis.
Restituit pressum nam genus ille suum.
Hoc marmor posuit cari Genitoris honori,
In genus afflictum par erat ejus amor."

Latin Inscription on his Coffin.

"In plumbeo hoc sarcophago, conduntur exuviæ Simonis Domini Frazerii de Lovato, qui post viginti annorum in patria et apud exteros summa cum laude et gloria vitæ pericula, ab Atholi tyrannide et Mackenzeorum de Tarbato dolis et insidiis genus suum Tribum et Familiam restituit et servavit. Antiquam servare Familiam non ultima laus est;

non honor est hosti, qui spoliavit eam. Hic licet, insidiis et duro marte valebat; Hunc pepulit bello Simon et arte sagax."

Translation.

This leaden sarcophagus contains the remains of Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, who, after being exposed to twenty years of dangers, both at home and abroad, with the greatest credit and glory to himself, recovered and preserved his own kindred, clan, and family from the tyranny of Athol, and the insidious designs of the Mackenzies of Tarbat. To preserve an ancient house was not his highest merit; whilst dishonour attended the enemy who spoiled it, and who prevailed by craft and cruelty; Simon expelled him by skilful policy and open war.

No. V.

Account of the Vitrified Forts at Knockfarril, near Inverness. By ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, *Esq.*

"THE hill itself is a small conical eminence, forming the eastern extremity of that

ridge of mountains which bounds Loch Ness on the north-west side. It is situated about a mile to the north of Inverness, and is accessible on two different quarters, viz. the west, and south-east; the former affording entrance by a narrow level ridge, joining the hills on Loch Ness, and the latter from an easy ascent from the high ground above Inverness. On approaching the hill from the west, we first met with a road cut through the rock, from the bottom to the top, in most places 10 feet broad, and nearly as deep, winding for about 70 feet in an easy serpentine direction, by which we gain an ascent over a steep rock, otherwise quite inaccessible from that quarter. This road, in our author's opinion, is undoubtedly the work of art, and the vitrified matter on the lap is the only thing which indicates the effect of fire; there being neither an appearance of pumice-stone, lava, nor basaltes about the hill otherwise. There is indeed plenty of pudding-stone, which some have supposed to be of the nature of volcanic tofa, but this opinion is rejected by our author as erroneous. 'But the circumstance,' says he, 'which, in my apprehension, evinces in the most satisfactory manner, that these ap-

pearances of the effect of fire on the summit of the hill, are not the operation of Nature, but of art, is the regular order, and disposition of those materials, the form of the ground, and the various traces of skill and contrivance, which are yet discernible, though considerably defaced, either by external violence or the obliterating hand of Time.' To investigate this matter regularly, he begins by the winding road already mentioned, and which is evidently cut through the rock for the purpose of gaining an easy ascent from the level ridge to the summit, which would otherwise have been impracticable. On ascending by this road there appears, towards the middle, on the right hand, a small platform overhanging the passage, and inclining by a very gentle declivity towards the ridge of the rock. A few enormous stones are placed upon the platform, and on the edge, and extremity of it, which have evidently been guided by art into that position; it being impossible that they could have rested there had they been rolled down from the higher parts. The obvious reason for placing them in such a position has been, that on an alarm of danger they might be projected into the

path below, which could have been done by the efforts of a very few men; and when this was done the passage would be entirely obstructed, or at least rendered so difficult that it could be defended by a few, against a number of assailants. Some other large stones are placed on an eminence to the left, probably with a view to block up a hollow channel by which an enemy might have attempted to ascend. When we come to the top of the hill, a few feet below the rampart which crowns the whole, there appears an outward wall, approaching on the sides of the hill, so near the upper rampart, as to have only a trench of ten or twelve feet wide between them. This outward wall is in some places so low, as to be almost level with the rock, though in other places it rises to the height of two or three feet; but even where lowest it may be traced by a line of vitrified matter sticking fast to the rock all along, and nearly of the same breadth, which is almost nine feet. The remains of this wall are strongly vitrified, except in one place on the north side, where, for about 70 yards the rampart is formed only of dry stones and earth. At the east side, where the hill is more acces-

sible, there is a prodigious mound of vitrified matter, extending itself to the thickness of above 40 feet. At the south-east corner, and adjoining to this immense mound, is an outwork, consisting of two semicircular vitrified walls, with a narrow pass cut through them in the middle, which appears to have been another, and perhaps the principal entrance to the fort. The inner wall surrounding the summit of the hill, encloses an oblong area of about 75 yards long, and 30 broad, rounded at each of the ends like the outward wall; it shews some imperfect traces of having been defended by four turrets or bastions: a number of small tumuli of earth, with a stone in the center, are more discernible. On the east side, a portion of the internal space appears separated from the rest by two ranges of stones fixed in the earth, forming a right angled parallelogram. This separation is immediately discernible to the eye from the circumstance of the whole of the enclosed summit being carefully cleared from stones; those that form this division, and the single one in the middle of the circle of tumuli, being the only ones to be seen. It is difficult to conjecture the design of this separated

space. Perhaps it has marked the residence of those of a higher rank, or served as a temple of devotion. On the east end of the area, on the summit, there is a well, six feet in diameter, now nearly filled up."

The above is the account of those singular productions given to the scientific world, since Mr. Williams ventured to publish his description of them.

During my excursion among those forts, I discovered at Strathpeffar some detached pieces, which I brought with me to London; on breaking one of them, to give a specimen to a friend, he observed that it contained a piece of a plant. This fact naturally excited his curiosity, as it is generally admitted that the whole mass had been fused by fire, and that such an intense heat must have either entirely destroyed or carbonized the vegetable fibres. Neither of those circumstances took place: the vegetable was completely enveloped in the mass, without any other change in its constitution except that of being very dry. On examining the parts of the stone which contained the plant, it was observed that a distinct bed had been formed for it, and that the internal surface of this singular cave

in miniature presented an appearance of smoothness almost approaching to that of a natural polish. This fact offers some interesting views to theorists, and may perhaps contribute to explain certain phenomena which have occasioned much controversy and speculation. It appears, from an inspection of the mineral and plant, and the actual state of both, that the moisture of the vegetable had been disengaged and decomposed by the heat, and that on assuming the gaseous state it had formed an atmosphere around the vegetable matter, which preserved it entire. In this manner it is easy to account for the existence of a plant in this fused lapidous matter; and the same or similar circumstances may also explain many other appearances not hitherto sufficiently defined.

No. VI.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A Ballad. By a Gardener at Kinnoul, Duff.

" When plague and death, a dreary space,
Pervaded Britain's isle;
When sorrow sat on many a face,
And few were seen to smile,

On Almond's side, as poets tell,
There dwelt two ladies gay;
The one was nam'd fair Bessy Bell,
The other, Mary Gray.

Fast knit in close relation's bands,
Their friendship still increas'd;
And each was heiress of the lands
Her sires had long possess'd.

Thus Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
In years and beauty grew;
While death around them ev'ry day,
Confirm'd his mission true.

By fear impress'd, it struck their mind,
To live recluse from man;
And long they sought a spot to find
Convenient for their plan.

To build a bow'r on Almond's side,
Within a lonely wood,
Where herbs and roots and fruit supplied
Those maidens for their food.

Here many a month, in humble guise,
They fix'd their lone abode;
Unknown or seen by human eyes,
They spent their time with God.

Religion in their early youth,
Had oft their minds employ'd,
And trusting now its sacred truth,
Much comfort they enjoy'd.

No costly table here was spread,
With dishes rich and fine;
Nor humble page, in liv'ry clad,
Pour'd out the homely wine.

The bramble grape, the hazle nut,
The crystal spring that flow'd,
Were all, it seem'd, those maidens sought,
And all that Heav'n bestow'd.

No gaudy weeds those ladies wore,
Nor diamonds had to boast;
Nor silk, nor furs, from foreign shores,
Brought home with toil and cost.

The flax that wav'd on yonder field,
Supplied them linen white;
The wool which Scotia's mountains yield,
Here clad them day and night.

Here Nature spread her beauties wide,
In ev'ry flow'r that springs;
And music swell'd on either side,
From ev'ry bird that sings.

The lark awak'd them in the morn,
With her delightful note,
The linnets warbled from the thorn,
Around their humble cot.

Thus far remov'd from human kind,
They thought themselves secure;
Nor foul infection could them find,
Nor death descry their door.

But ah! the fire of ardent love
Conceal'd in Bessy's breast,
Which naught but fate could disapprove,
Bereav'd her mind of rest.

A neighbouring youth of manners mild,
And much respected birth,
Her near acquaintance from a child,
And conscious of her worth.

Who long had sigh'd for Bessy Bell,
And long conceal'd his pain,
At length had told his tender tale,
Nor was his suit in vain.

For she, it seems, had likewise lov'd,
Though close she kept the same;
No wonder then her heart approv'd,
When he declar'd his flame.

Oft by sweet Almond's flow'ry side,
The youthful pair had rov'd;
When oft he styl'd fair Bess his bride,
And told how much he lov'd.

But now that he had lost his fair,
No peace on earth had he;
His mind was fill'd with anxious care,
And sad perplexity.

Both town and country, far and near,
He sought for Bessy Bell;
But, ah! no tidings could he hear,
For none her home could tell,

Then did this youth, day after day,
His search for her renew;
Nor pass'd the stranger on his way,
But ask'd if he her knew.

Oh, have you seen fair Bessy Bell,
The flower of woman-kind?
Oh, gentle stranger, can you tell,
Where I this nymph might find?

Her hair is like the threads of gold,
Ty'd with a ribbon blue;
Her frame was cast in beauty's mould,
With Nature's likeness true.

Then would he to the winds complain
Of his hard destiny;
Or breath'd his plaint in mournful strain,
Or sad soliloquy.

Oh love! my everlasting foe,
And cause of all my pain;
Must I the sweets of life forego,
And waste my youth in vain?

Oh! hear my plaint, ye pow'rs above,
And mitigate my woe;
Oh! had she known how much I love,
She had not left me so.

The dove may take a morning flight,
And leave her mate to mourn;
But long before the fall of night
Will to her nest return.

For surely some unhallow'd hand,
Has borne my fair aside;
Perhaps this night in wedlock's band,
My Bess becomes a bride.

Oh, would some angel lead the way,
Or point what road to take;
Though thousand dangers round her lay,
I'd brave them for her sake.

But why complain of Bessy Bell,
Or think of fortune ill?
Oh, could I hope! but who can tell,
Perhaps she loves me still.

But see the sun has left the sky,
The shades of night draw near;
The fleecy clouds of crimson dye
Begin to disappear.

No hamlet round me I can spy,
But bleak and dreary waste;
Where shall a wand'rer safely lie,
His weary limbs to rest?

To Lyndoch Hall I'll bend my way,
Where friendship I shall find;
There dwells her uncle, worthy Gray,
Of feeling heart and kind.

My mournful tale of slighted love,
To him I will declare;
A heart like his no doubt 'twill move,
To sympathetic care.

But see, from yonder bow'ring shade
What glimmering taper shines;
Perhaps some hermit there has fled,
And now in hunger pines.

I'll haste me hence, perhaps in time,
Ere death has clos'd his eye,
To succour life was ne'er a crime,
Though even doom'd to die.

Then straight he hied him to the spot,
From whence this taper shone;
At length he reach'd the humble cot,
Built of green sod alone.

The roof of pyramidal form,
Cut from the neighb'ring bushes;
And as a shelter from the storm,
'Twas thatched o'er with rushes.

He round it gaz'd, with wond'ring eyes,
To think upon the choice;
But who can paint the sweet surprise,
To hear a female voice.

He paus'd to think what hapless fair
Might in this bower dwell;
But oh! think what his feelings were,
To hear his Bessy Bell.

An eager transport fir'd his breast,
Regardless of all harms;
The door he gently backward press'd,
And lock'd her in his arms.

But who can paint in colours fair,
This sweet, this tender scene?
Ye fervent lovers now declare,
Nor dare for once to feign.

PART II.

Her faithful cousin, Mary Gray,
Upon a couch reclin'd;
The sacred volume by her lay,
Her guide and counsel kind.

Alarm'd to find a youth so rude,
Had found this sweet retreat;
And see a stranger thus intrude,
She sunk beside her seat.

Her balmy lips, of rosy hue,
Appear'd like lifeless clay;
Her eyes, like pearly drops of dew,
Their lustre died away.

At length she heav'd a melting sigh,
O'ercome with fear and grief;
The stranger heard, and turn'd his eye,
Then sprung to her relief.

E'en love with all its boasted charms,
He for a moment spurn'd;
And held her fondly in his arms,
Till life and sense return'd.

Her eyes resum'd their lustre bright,
Her lips their scarlet hue;
Her raven locks and bosom white,
His admiration drew.

A sudden stupor seiz'd his thoughts,
But how he could not tell;
He for a moment quite forgot
His peerless Bessy Bell.

'Twas but a moment, and no more,
This conflict he endur'd;
The fair he long had lov'd before
But spoke, and he was cur'd.

Oh! Mary dear, my cousin kind,
And partner of my woe;
Was ruthless fate itself design'd
To break my comfort so?

This is my much lamented friend,
Young William is his name;
His love for me, which knows no end,
Has been in this to blame.

But now that fortune's fickle wheel,
Has brought my friend to me;
Come share with me the joy I feel,
And I'll do so with thee.

Thus said, she spread a towel white
Upon her cousin's knee;
Then brought the best, as well she might,
And serv'd them cheerfully.

No question ask'd, no fault was found,
Nor studied forms were here;
'Twas sweet content the supper crown'd,
And welcome for good cheer.

With hand and heart they jointly strove,
His comfort to procure;
Sure love alone can answer love,
And render bliss secure.

I need not here in words describe
The minutes wing'd their way,
Unheeded, till the feather'd tribe,
Proclaim'd approaching day.

The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
With warbling notes and wild,
Began to chaunt on ev'ry bush,
While bright Aurora smil'd.

When hand in hand the loving pair,
They left the humble cell;
The heart-felt joys of love to share,
And all its griefs to tell.

'Twas by sweet Almond's limpid stream,
Where sporting fishes play,
Young William and his lovely dame,
That morning took their way.

Here all that love could say, was said,
Or virtuous truth invent;
And here the day was fix'd to wed,
With blushing free consent.

This done, young William took his leave,
And homeward bent his way;
While Bess no more was left to grieve,
To wait the wish'd-for day.

With joy he hied him home to tell,
So well his journey sped;
And how he found his Bessy Bell,
Embow'r'd in yonder shade,

He told his friends they must provide
'Gainst the appointed hour,
To welcome home his lovely bride,
And grace the nuptial bow'r.

But now it pains my heart to speak,
And all must grieve to hear,
Our young bridegroom fell soon so sick,
That death itself seem'd near.

The best of human skill was tried,
The first advice was given;
But all in vain, young William died—
He died in hopes of Heaven.

Thus to disease a victim fell,
A youth of spotless fame;
Whose latest words were Bessy Bell—
Life ended with her name.

Now let us turn to yonder bow'r,
Where these two maidens gay,
Prepar'd to meet the nuptial hour,
Th' appointed wedding-day.

But ah! the pestilential breath,
As many still suppose,
Of their late stranger, prov'd their death,
Though sweet as summer rose.

And there unseen their bodies lay,
Till by some wand'rer found;
And here their graves are seen this day,
Denied the sacred ground.

This simple stone and ivy'd wall,
Directs the stranger's way;
To let the tear of pity fall,
A tribute due to pay.

This worthy Berry fenc'd around,
With many a shrub and tree;
This spot he styl'd sequester'd ground,
And still deserves to be.

Here Almond o'er its pebbl'd bed,
Meanders soft and sweet;
There many a winding walk and shade,
Where lovers daily meet.

Here gallant Graham, of well won fame,
Has fix'd his mansion seat;
And greatly beautify'd the same,
With wood and gardens sweet.

His matchless skill and boundless taste,
At Lyndoch now to view,
Have brought him many a noble guest,
Which never Scotland knew.

But here my muse must quit her theme,
Nor more the numbers tell;
May fortune wait on worthy Graham,
And peace to Bessy Bell."

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

THE former was daughter to the laird of Kinnaird; the latter was daughter to the laird of Lyndoch, in Perthshire. It is said that, during the plague in 1645 they, to avoid it, retired from their friends, to a romantic spot, now called Beechey Brae, on the banks of the Almond, where they built a bower, and lived for some time on the productions of Nature, but being discovered by a young gentleman, who was deeply in love with Bessy Bell, they all died of the plague soon after.

No. VII.

Names of the Caves, &c. about Two Miles East of Arbroath.

Lady's Cave.

Mason's Cave, about 200 feet long, 20 or 30 feet high.

Forbidden Cave, seldom explored; supposed to be of great length.

Dark, and the Light Cave.

Brandy Cave, and the Gyric Pot, entered from the sea; of considerable length and width; formerly used as a hiding-place by smugglers.

Tradition reports, that the abbey of Arbroath was destroyed by the Ochterlonies of Kelly, before the Reformation, with a view to get rid of the tythes paid by them to the abbey.

The first abbot was Reginaldus, of Tyron. The second abbot, Dominus Henricus, a professed monk of Kelso, about the year 1325. The last commendatory abbot of Arbroath, was John Hamilton, second son to the Duke of Chastleherault, who was afterwards created Marquis of Hamilton. The abbey of Arbroath was erected into a temporal lordship, in favour of James, Marquis of Hamilton, son to the former, upon the 5th of May, 1608. It afterwards belonged to the Earl of Dysart, from whom Patrick Maule, of Panmure, gentleman of the bedchamber to King James the Sixth, purchased it, with the right of patronage of 34 parishes belonging thereto.

The abbey ground, from north to south, 190 paces; from east to west, 113; enclosed with a stone wall, 18 feet high.

'Abbey Church, the length, 275 feet; the breadth of nave and side aisles, 70.

'The length from the entry to Cross Church, or the transept, 150 feet.—Length of Cross Church, 170 feet.'

No. VIII.

Majoris Hist. Dalrymple's (Lord Haile's) Ann. vol. i. p. 41.

'Sainct Margaret died in the Castle of Edinburgh, the 10th of June. Her body was carried with royal pomp to Dunfermling. Alexander the Third caused her bones to be put into a chest of silver, enriched with precious stones, after many prayers and solemn processions, and placed it in the noblest part of the church. During the troubles of the Reformation, the coffin wherein her head and hair were inclosed, was carried to the Castle of Edinburgh, and from thence transported to the manor-house of the Laird of Dury, who was a reverend father, priest and monk of

Dunfermling, and dwelt there after his monastery was pillaged, and the religious forced to fly away. After he had kept this religious pledge some years, it was, in 1597, delivered into the hands of the Jesuits' missionaries in Scotland, who, seeing it was in danger to be lost, or prophaned, transported it to Antwerp, where John Malderus, bishop of that city, after diligent examination upon oath, gave an authentic attestation, under the seal of his office, the 5th of September, 1620, and permitted it to be exposed to the veneration of the people. The same relict was acknowledged by Paul Boudat, Bishop of Arras, the 4th of Sept. 1627. In testimony whereof he offered 40 day's indulgence to all who would pray before it. Lastly, on the 4th of March, 1645, Innocent X. anno primo pontificatus sui, gave plenary indulgence to all the faithful, who would pray before it, having confessed and communicate in the chapel of the Scot's college of Doway, for the ordinary ends preserved by the church, on the 10th of June, festival of this princess. Her relicts are kept in the Scot's college of Doway, in a bust of silver. Her skull is enclosed in the head of the bust, whereupon there is a crown

of silver gilt, enriched with several pearls and precious stones. In the pedestal, which is of ebony, indented with silver, her hair is kept, and exposed to the view of every one through a glass of chrystal; the bust is reputed the third statue of Doway, for its value. There are likewise several stones, red and green, on her breast, shoulders, and elsewhere. I cannot tell if they be upright; their bigness makes me fancy that they be counterfeited."

Hay's Scotia Sacra.—M.S.

"In the year 1250, the young king and his mother met at Dunfermling, where they raised the bones of the good Queen Margaret, wife to Malcolm the Third, and placed them in a golden shrine, magnificently enriched with precious stones." *Guthrie's Hist.*

In delineating the character of Margaret, the wife of Malcolm the Third, I follow the traces of Turgot, her confessor: "Far be it "from my hoary head," says Turgot, "to "feign or flatter. As God is my witness and "my judge, I relate nothing of Margaret but "what I know to be true: many things which "I know to be true, I have omitted, because "they would have appeared incredible."

Some allowance, however, must be made for the secret bias of a panegyrist, to magnify the virtues, and extenuate the imperfections of the person whom he celebrates.

From her earliest youth, Margaret studied the Scriptures, as they were then studied, in the verbal sense of the Vulgate. Her apprehension was acute, her memory tenacious, and her diligence unwearied; hence she attained to an uncommon proficiency in what was then esteemed to be knowledge. Endowed with all the graces of utterance, she was, perhaps, inclined to display her learning and her eloquence more than her royal estate required, or than became her sex. "Often," says Turgot, "have I, with admiration, heard her discourse on subtle questions of theology, in presence of the most learned men of the kingdom."

Of this, he gives one example, too characteristical to be omitted in a work which I wish to be *a history of manners*, as well as of *events*.

For the reformation of certain erroneous practices, which prevailed in the Scottish church, Margaret held frequent conferences with the clergy. The king understood the Gaelic language as well as the Saxon. He

willingly performed the office of interpreter, between his consort and the Scottish ecclesiastics.

"Three days did she employ the sword of the spirit, in combating their errors. She seemed another St. Helena, out of the scriptures, convincing the Jews."

The right season for celebrating Lent was the subject of this solemn conference. The queen's arguments prevailed.

Margaret appears to have affected an unusual splendour about her court. She encouraged the importation and use of vestments of various colours. She was magnificent in her own attire, she increased the number of attendants on the person of the king, augmented the parade of his public appearances, and caused him to be served at table in gold and silver plate. "At least," says the honest historian, "the dishes and "vessels were gilt or silvered over."

There was what appears to us an air of ostentatious trifling in her charities. Every morning she prepared food for nine little children, all indigent orphans; on her bended knees she fed them. With her own hands she ministered at table to crowds of poor

persons, and washed the feet of six every evening.

While the king was occupied in affairs of state, she repaired to the altar, and *there*, with *long prayers*, sighs, and tears, offered herself a willing sacrifice to the Lord. In the season of Lent, besides reciting particular offices, she went through the whole psalter, twice or thrice, within the space of twenty-four hours. Before the time of public mass, she heard five or six private masses; after the service, she fed twenty-four persons; and then, and not till then, she retired to a scanty ascetic meal. She fell a victim to her long vigils, fastings, and mortification.

Thus have I faithfully described the shades, and marked all the blemishes in the character of this good woman; her zeal for matters indifferent or dubious; her little vanities of shew and equipage; her *minute* obedience of some evangelical precepts; her *literal* performance of others; and her unrequired and fatal austerities.

I now undertake the more pleasing office of recording her exemplary virtues, and distinguished usefulness.

She did not abuse that influence, which the

opinion of her worth had merited, in the councils of Malcolm. To her he seems to have entrusted the care of matters respecting religion, and the internal polity of the kingdom. In both these there was much to reform.

At that period, the clergy of Scotland had ceased to celebrate the *Communion of the Lord's Supper*. "We are sinners," said they, "and therefore we dread to communicate unworthily." The queen displayed to them the vanity of this superstitious or indolent excuse.

She restored the religious observance of Sunday; an institution no less admirable in a political, than in a religious light.

It was not uncommon for a man to marry his stepmother, or the widow of his brother. I presume that this was not owing to vague lust, but to avarice; for it relieved the heir of a jointure.

We may easily perceive how necessary, and how difficult, a reformation was in *that* kingdom, where the clergy omitted the celebration of the communion; where the distinction between Sunday and work-days was disregarded, and where incestuous alliances prevailed.

In the administration of her household, she so blended severity of manners with complacency, that she was equally revered and loved by all who approached her. She entertained many ladies about her person, employed their leisure hours in the amusement of the needle, and gave a strict attention to the decency of their conduct. "In her presence," says Turgot, "nothing unseemly was ever "done or uttered." A strange picture of that age!

On the education of her children, she bestowed the most conscientious care. She enjoined their preceptors to chastise them as often as they merited chastisement. On them she bestowed her tenderest thoughts in her dying moments.

Turgot pathetically describes his last interview with the affectionate mother. After long discourse on her spiritual state, she thus addressed him: "Farewell; my life draws to a "close, but you may survive me long. To "you I commit the charge of my children; "teach them above all things, to love and "fear God; and whenever you see any of "them attain to the height of earthly gran-"deur, oh! then, in an especial manner, be

" to them as a father and a guide. Admo-
" nish, and if need be, reprove them, lest
" they should be swelled with the pride of
" momentary glory, through avarice offend
" God, or by reason of the prosperity of this
" world, they become careless of eternal
" life. This, in the presence of *Him*, who is
" now our only witness, I beseech you to
" promise and to perform."

Her beneficence was unbounded. I speak not of her public almsgiving, however liberal and unremitting. Her private solicitude to do good exceeds every encomium.

We have seen, in the course of this history, that multitudes of unhappy English were led captive into Scotland, and dispersed over the country. The queen employed her emissaries to examine their condition. Whenever their bondage appeared grievous, she secretly paid their ransom, and restored them to liberty, herself an exile from England.

She was humble and self-abased; she judged with more severity of herself than of others. She affectionately reproached her confessor for his want of vigilance in discovering her faults.

And now that we have seen *the fruits* of this

excellent woman in meekness, active virtue, and mercy, we are authorised to pronounce that her piety was sincere.

By a tedious and painful indisposition, endured with exemplary patience, she was brought very low. During a short interval of ease, she devoutly received the communion; soon after, her anguish of body returned with redoubled violence; she stretched herself on her couch, and calmly waited for the moment of her dissolution. Cold, and in the agonies of death, she ceased not to put up her supplications to heaven. These were some of her words: "Have mercy upon me, O God; "according to the multitude of thy tender "mercies, blot out my iniquities; make me "to hear joy and gladness, that the bones "which Thou hast broken, may rejoice. Cast "me not away from thy presence, and take "not thy holy spirit from me; restore unto "me the joy of thy salvation. The sacrifices "of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a "contrite spirit, O God, thou wilt not despise. "Do good, in thy good pleasure, unto Zion, "build the walls of Jerusalem." At that moment her son Edgar, returning from the army, approached her couch. "How fares it with

" the king and my Edward?" The youth stood silent. " I know all," cried she, " I " know all. By this holy cross, by your filial " affection, I adjure you, tell me the truth." He answered, " Your husband and your son " are both slain." Lifting her eyes and hands towards heaven, she said, " Praise and " blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that " Thou hast been pleased to make me endure " so bitter anguish in the hour of my depar- " ture, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in " some measure from the corruption of my " sins; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who, " through the will of the Father, hast en- " livened the world by thy death, oh! de- " liver me." While pronouncing, *deliver me*, she expired.

In *Fordun*, L. v. c. 23, 24, and in *Vit. S. Margaretæ.* Act. sanct. 10 Jun. many circumstances of the private life of Malcolm and his queen are recorded on the authority of Turgot. Turgot was not merely a cotemporary writer, living in the shade of a monastery, he knew the king and queen of Scotland, and was admitted into their confi-

dence; he hesitates not to apply to the royal pair that maxim of St. Paul, 1 Cor. vii. 14. "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by "the wife."

No. IX.

Scotch Proverbs.

Ye canna mak a silk purse o' a sow's lug.

Ye dinna ken wha'l cool your kail.

Tulzying tykes come haltan hame.

They lyket mutton weel, that licket where the yeow lay.

It il be when the Deel's blín, and his een is nae sair yet.

Hawks shou'd na pick out hawk's een.

Let that flea stick on the wa'.

A little spark maks mickle work.

Scarting and scratching is Scotch folks wooing.

Ae man's born wi' a siller spoon in his mouth, and anither wi' a horn ladle.

They maun hae a lang spun that sups kail wi' the Deel.

The sea il nier wrang the widdie.
It's merry in the ha'
When beards wag a'.

Sen' a fool to France and he'll come back a fool.

He that maks his bed easie il lye the safter.

THE END.

E. Blackader, Typ.
Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.

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